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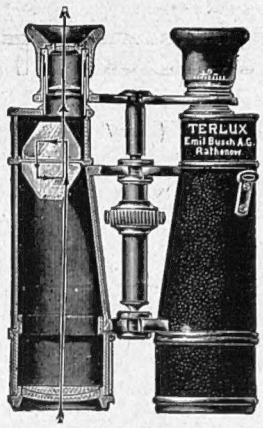

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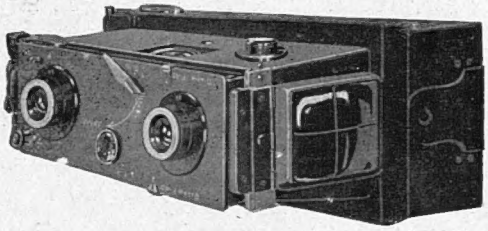

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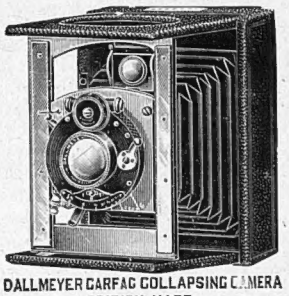

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Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 400.—Vol. XXXI. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, August 2, 1911 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Camera Portrait *E. O. Hoppé*

MADAME KARSAVINA, THE LEADER OF THE RUSSIAN BALLET AT COVENT GARDEN, IN "L'ARMIDE"

Bystander Comments

The Most Exclusive Club in the World: The Royal Yacht Squadron Club-house at Cowes, Now the Centre of the English Social Universe

Are We Rash?

Despite the fact that the Prime Minister is, as we all know, a trickster, a toady, a coward, and a traitor, and all that sort of thing, the Unionist party is unanimous in entrusting to his hands the destinies of the nation at a grave moment of international crisis. One would have thought—— but, then, nobody did, so it doesn't matter.

The Impossible Happens

After death, what? This is not our silly season topic, merely a way of asking what will happen after the anti-Balfour cabal have cast their desperate die in the last ditch. The Bill will pass by the aid of puppet peers created, from among the Conservatives, by Lord Lansdowne. Now, if we had told you that a month ago! But there it is, and this is the real world in which Sir W. S. Gilbert no longer even lives.

The Right Description

There is still great mystery as to the number of "No Surrender" Peers, who, dine they never so hard, will still manage to get somehow into the Lobby against the Veto Bill. Equally difficult is it to find a comprehensive name for them. Here I venture to come to the assistance of the coroneted stalwarts. Obviously, noblemen who count it nobler to die than to surrender should be called Die-counts.

Wise Counsel

Mr. F. E. Smith's satire, in his letter published in Sunday's *Observer*, is presumably intended to be very destructive. If, he sarcastically asks, the Bill doesn't matter, and is to be allowed to pass rather than the House of Lords be puppetised, what has all the uproar and all the bad language been about since the last General Election? Why the violent invective, the talk of revolution, and so on, if, when the end came, nothing was to be done about it? But has Mr. Smith never himself been engaged in a case where counsel, knowing he cannot win, nevertheless fights his hardest so that there shall be either a settlement out of Court or very small damages? That is the sort of fight Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne put up. Well, settlement out of Court was not obtained, and they had to consider whether to throw up the sponge or to go on fighting and incur ruinous costs. Their clients, the bulk of the Unionist party, favoured the former—and rightly so, so far as THE BYSTANDER is concerned.

Motive?

When Mr. Smith and the rest of them talk seriously of dying hard, the orthodox party man is apt to rub his eyes with amazement. Can it be that F. E., of all people, brilliant advocate in and out of the Courts, has somehow so far forgotten his profession as to mix it up with conscience? Does he really contemplate death in the last ditch? Perhaps so; he knows best his own game. Nevertheless, one is disposed to exclaim, as did Metternich when he received the news of the death of Talleyrand: "I wonder what is his motive in dying at this particular moment?"

Under Which Name?

You are a hero, Lieutenant; but by which name is posterity to know you, please—Conneau or "Beaumont"? You owe to journalism the prize you have won. Repay the debt by saving the Press of posterity from a Conneau-Beaumont controversy. Do not be misled by the fact that our national poet, Francis Bacon ("Shakespeare"), asked, "What's in a name?" *He* had his reasons for disguising his; but there's no secret about you—is there? Please be Conneau or Beaumont, or both, but not either.

An Odd Preference

Is the present Ministry as truthful as one would like it to be? For instance, Mr. Runciman, on Tuesday last:

> I have been summoned to be at a meeting of the Cabinet at 4.15 p.m. to-morrow (Tuesday), from which I cannot possibly be absent. In these critical times there is no choice but to submit to the fate which necessitates my presence here when I would most gladly have been at Kingswood.

Did Mr. Runciman really mean that he would rather have been giving away prizes at Kingswood to helping to give away peerages in Downing Street? I can hardly believe it.

Disappointing Irishmen

For some time past we have seriously asked ourselves whether our opposition to Home Rule was justified. Now we are sure it is. The Irish party's conduct in allowing last Monday's row in Parliament to go on without any assistance from themselves proves them to be utterly unfit to conduct the only kind of Parliament we should be disposed to pay to establish on College Green.

The Mystery of Prince Henry of Prussia

Prince Henry of Prussia, as a factor in the Anglo-German situation, hardly seems to have been appreciated. Possibly as such a factor he does not come into the category of essential things. But the fact has to be considered that Prince Henry has just finished a tour at the head of a considerable body of British and German motorists over the territory of both countries, expressly with the desire of improving the relationship of the two countries. A further fact is that he has prolonged his stay in England without ostensible reason over a time of crisis. These things may, or may not, have an international significance; but, at any rate, they inspire a conclusion that there is a political motive behind the visit of the brother of the Kaiser, a motive entirely to the credit of the Prince. If he has been able to use a beneficial influence in the Moroccan dispute so much the better; but, in any case, his method of giving expression to his personal desire to help remove causes of friction between this country and Germany is excellent, notwithstanding that it is necessarily limited in its influences.

The Vogue of the Caricature

I have received a copy of a new publication called *Men of the Day* (one shilling, monthly), and offer the usual felicitations, and hopes for success. The prime feature is caricature in colour, no fewer than four of which appear in the first issue. Two are by "Spy" (the Rt. Hon. Mark Lockwood and Mr. Charles Urban), another is by Max (Mr. Charles Hawtrey), and the last is of the Duke of Norfolk, by "Touchstone." Once again, I wish all success to the new venture. Nevertheless, it is interesting to speculate whether the personal cartoon enjoys the vogue that once it had. To be effective, it must exaggerate, and to exaggerate it must be either obscure or offensive. The tendency of the day seems to favour the graceful rather than the grotesque, and the eye does not fall with favour on vulgarised distortions of the forms and faces of elderly gentlemen in swallow-tails and baggy trousers. Nor can I, for the life of me, see exactly what is the appeal of a caricature which represents Mr. Charles Hawtrey, who is stoutish and of medium height, to be a giant with an infinitesimal head. The Duke of Norfolk, again, is, no doubt, a most worthy nobleman, but scarcely picturesque. Why caricature him at all?

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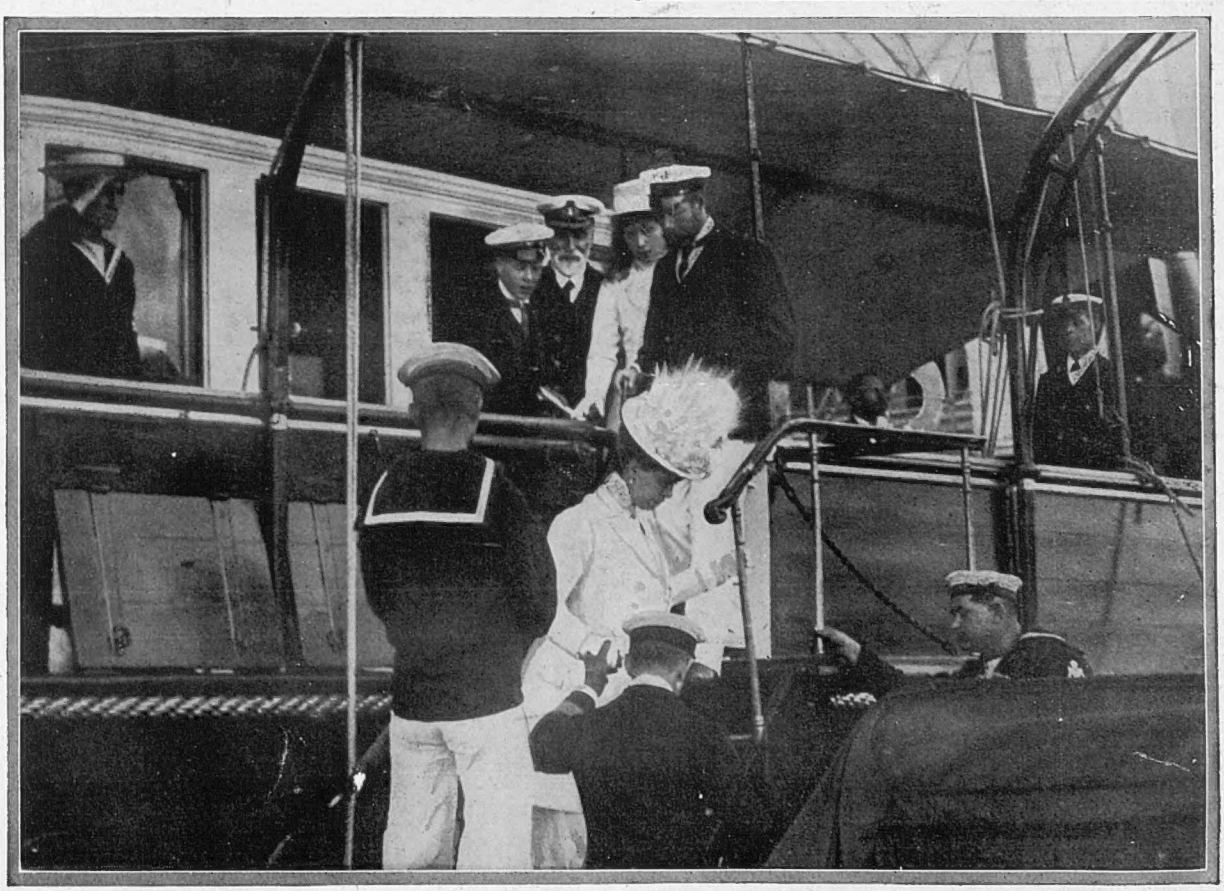

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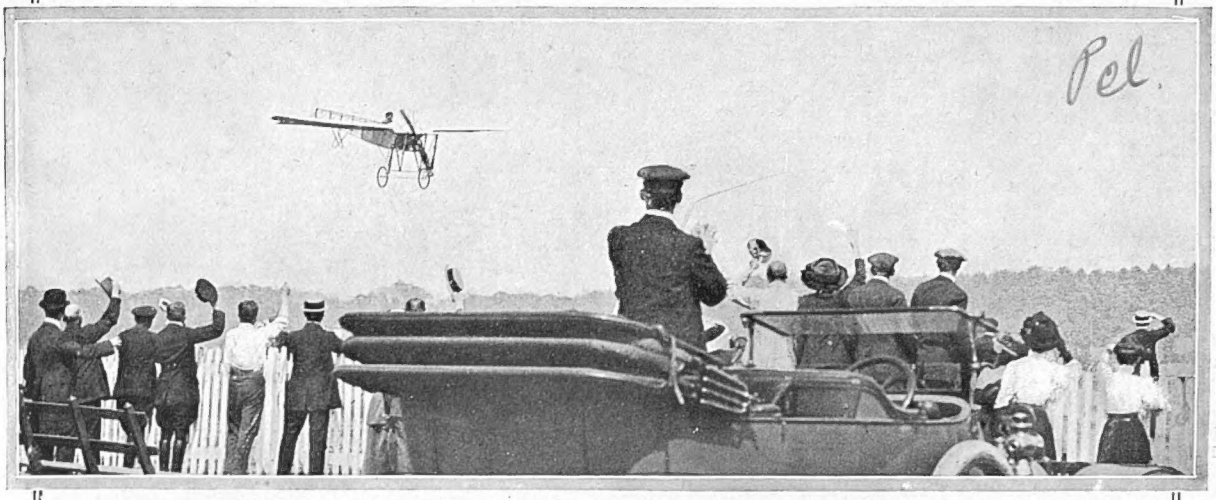
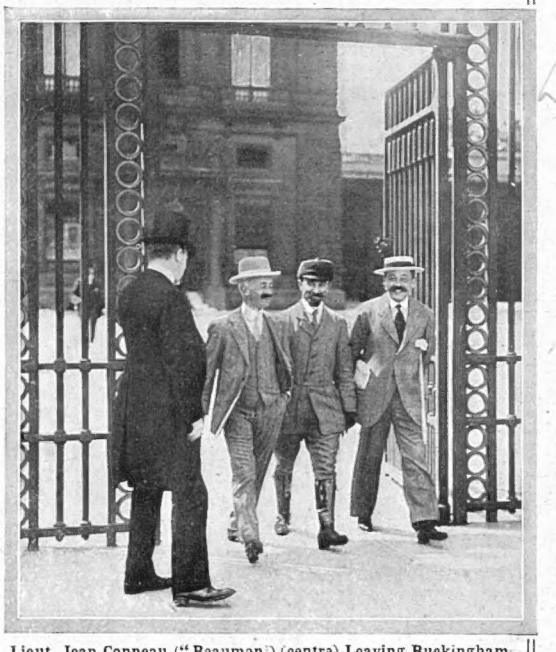


LIEUT. JEAN CONNEAU ("BEAUMONT"), THE WINNER, FINISHING AT BROOKLANDS

The Donor of the £10,000 Prize, Lord Northcliffe (with folded arms), and Lady Northcliffe (right) Watching the Winning of the said Prize by the said Lieut. Conneau ("Beaumont")



Lieut. Jean Conneau ("Beaumont") (centre) Leaving Buckingham Palace after being Presented to the King

JULES VEDRINES, THE "RUNNER-DOWN," AFTER HIS ARRIVAL

The 1,010 miles race round Britain was won by a Frenchman, Lieut. Jean Conneau ("Beaumont"). France also provided the second in M. Jules Vedrines. Conneau won by 1 hr. 9 min. and 47 sec. His average speed was 45 miles per hour, and that of Vedrines 42¾. At the time of writing none of the other competitors is anywhere near the finish. Comment is needless. Vive la France!

At Court and in Society

The Quickstep

IN the blazing heat of the loveliest summer within memory, this foolish world of ours, instead of taking sweet siesta and postponing all activity till the autumn, wagged faster and more furiously than ever last week. For *le monde ou l'on s'amuse* there was, of course, only Goodwood, where a very smart crowd (Tory, of course! Goodwood is not at all the place for Rads!) loudly reviled "this detestable Government" for keeping such lots of men in Town; and for the rest, there were great affairs on hand, among them the Revolution; a wonderful air-race that presaged perhaps the greatest of Revolutions yet; and last, though not least, the latest and most serious of German war-scares.

The Busy King

Owing to the crises—political and diplomatic—the King cancelled his Goodwood visit. The whole week was spent in conferences, and every day for some hours His Majesty, closeted in the Palace, gave audience to his advisers—Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey, Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Balfour, Lord Crewe and Lord Haldane. This is the first time King George has had actual experience of an important political crisis. I am told he acquitted himself therein as well as he has elsewhere—and that is saying much!

The King of Spain

Last year, it will be remembered, King Alfonso arrived in England at the very moment when an acute crisis reigned in his country—a fact which THE BYSTANDER placed on record in a memorable photograph showing His Majesty passing down St. James's Street smoking a cigarette, while a newsboy displayed a poster bearing the words, "Serious Crisis in Spain." Well, this year he arrives among us when Spain is hardly less seriously occupied with the Morocco trouble. The King, like a true Spaniard, does not, however, believe that anything really matters. That whether he goes or stays, and whatever he does or does not do, it will be "all the same a hundred—or less—years hence," is said to be His Spanish Majesty's favourite maxim. And so, I suppose, it will, but still——

—At Eaton

With his English Consort (who is again anticipating a happy event), King Alfonso joins the Duke of Westminster's house-party at Eaton on Monday, and will take active part in the Eaton polo week. I understand that the very high jinks which, as a rule, distinguish (?) the Westminster house-parties are this year, by request, to be slightly, if not entirely, repressed. Such a condition of affairs will doubtless be voted somewhat dull by such of the party as like their pleasures highly coloured. But it will certainly contribute to that dignity, without which Kings, above all men, are but sorry things.

A Little Relaxation

From the joys of Queenhood and motherhood is enjoyed by H.M. the Queen of Spain, who is here shown leaving the Ritz Hotel for a shopping expedition

Goodwood—

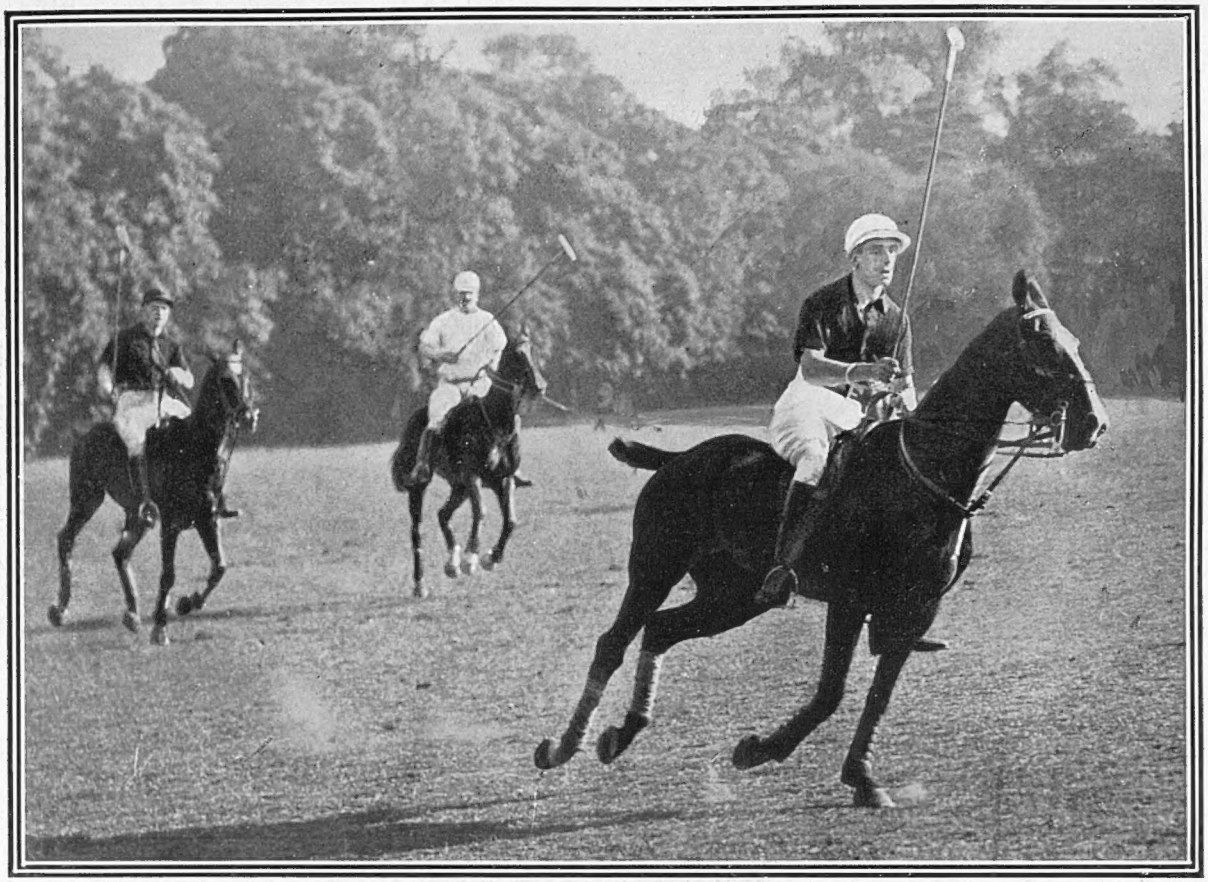
Goodwood was delightful—when is Goodwood anything else? One missed, however, the King, and also, I need hardly say, that jovial, genial figure who for so many years on these occasions always sat in a basket-chair before Goodwood House so that the meanest of his subjects passing by to the races might see their King if they wished. In honour of immortal King Sol the women wore their loveliest gowns of chiffon, lace, and muslin, mostly in white or pale colours. Some of these were so very Ascot-like that they really hardly "went" with the somewhat *dégagées* costumes of the men, who, seizing a rare opportunity, turned up in tussore, white flannels, brown Homburg hats, soft collars, and silk shirts.

—Its Visitors

As at Newmarket, it is very much the same crowd that turns up year after year at Goodwood, and the outsider here, too, is regarded very much askance. There is always the Goodwood house-party, of course, which this year included Earl Percy, Lady Helen Gordon-Lennox's *fiancé*, Prince Henry of Prussia, the Marquis de Soveral, resplendent in white and brown and a shady panama, the Roxburghe Duke and his American Duchess, who is honoured as one of the none too large Royal circle, and several members of the Lambton family.

—And Parties

From West Dean Park, the most comfortable country house in England, came a party, very smart, that included several of the "Society beauties," and was so big that Mrs. William James had to lunch it in batches; from Petworth, Lord Leconfield brought a bachelor party; and other hostesses included Lady March, who was surrounded all day and every day by her children; Lady Cowdray, who brought the latest of the American peeresses, the eighteen-year-old Lady Decies; Mrs. Robert Buchanan, Mrs. Tennant,



In the Midst of Alarms—le Roi S'Amuse

The King of Spain practising polo on ponies at Hurlingham, while his Government practises pin-pricks on Frenchmen in Morocco. It is hoped that the latter is playing the game as fairly as the former

and Lady Fitzgerald, whose party was at Portsmouth on the *Julnar*.

Cricket Weeks

The *raison d'être* of all smart house-parties of the moment is something open-air and slightly sporting. Last week Lady Alington and Lady Craven were entertaining parties for cricket matches and lawn tennis. Two of Lady Craven's guests arrived at Goodwood very battered from strenuous exertion. Next week, which is Canterbury Cricket Week, there is to be a big house-party at Lilleshall, which, having duly shown itself at the Duchess of Sutherland's pet village flower show, will then give itself up to lawn tennis.

Our Supplement

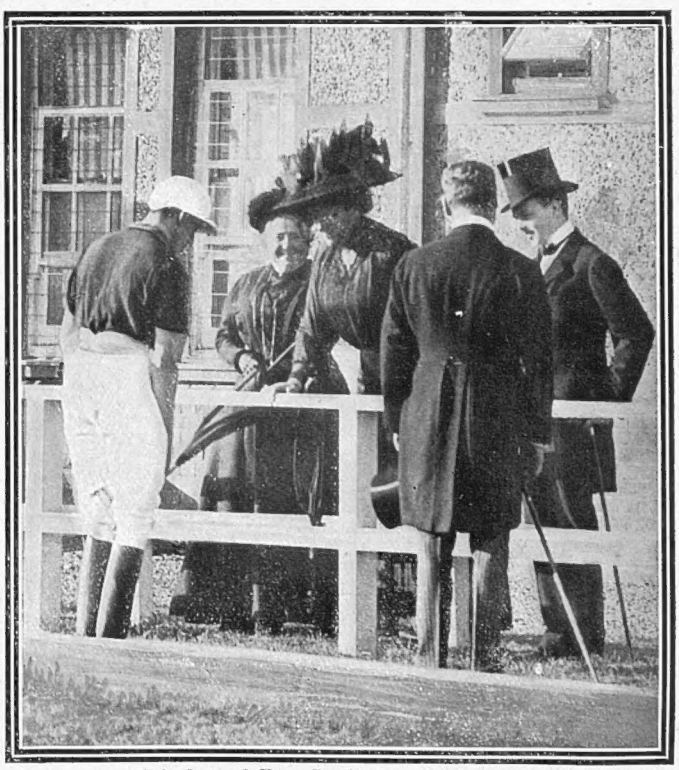
With this week's issue is presented a dainty colour-plate, entitled "Moonflowers," specially painted for THE BYSTANDER by R. Pannett.

The World at Cowes

Cowes, of course, monopolises Society this week, after which the great dispersal takes place, and the Very Best will be seen no more within a hundred-mile radius of the Metropolis until the days draw in a bit, chilly evenings suggest the joys of "a little dinner and a theatre," and the autumn fashions are born. I hear that the officers of the Atlantic Fleet really didn't mind a bit being transferred from dull Norway to gay Portsmouth—just when Cowes was in full blast! And as for the German war-scare—well, that, as a well-known great lady remarked at Goodwood, "*that*, SURELY, even this awful Government will keep up its sleeve until, at any rate, Cowes is over!"

So Thoughtless

It is, by the way, the untimeliness of these wicked Radicals that most does irritate and



Friends as of Yore—Despite Changing Fortunes

On the left, King Alfonso, in polo kit, outside the Hurlingham pavilion. On the right, his old friend, Dom Manoel, the dethroned King of Portugal. The two have been so much together recently that it is impossible to suppress the suspicion that Manoel hopes for Spanish assistance in his troubles

aggravate the Tory ladies. How much better were things arranged under the last Administration! With what tact, consideration, social sense! Picture to yourself that dear Mr. Balfour keeping Peers glued to Westminster the while Goodwood and Cowes were in progress, and St. Grouse on the wing! You can't, of course! He'd never do such a thing; and, besides, he wouldn't dare! Mr. Asquith, the Peer-maker, so it's said, only does it to annoy, because he *knows* it teases. But he should know better; you know he should, really! For he is, at any rate, *connected* with *quite* the Best People, isn't he?

The Indian Visit

Talking of Governments, I hear from India that Government's aim there is rather to discourage than otherwise all immigration during the autumn months, and that this intention, tactfully conveyed, has caused many intending visitors to cancel their arrangements. The hordes of visitors, some *bourgeois* in the extreme, who bombarded India on the occasion of the last Durbar were, it appears, not only an unmitigated nuisance, but also something of a danger, their treatment of the natives being of that ignorant variety which is either too friendly or too supercilious, and in its results gives unending trouble to the authorities. Also, it is thought only fair that on this occasion first look-in should be given to those already on the spot—a state of affairs not easy of achievement when the country is crowded with more or less distinguished visitors.

The Twelfth

Not a moment of the shooting season is, apparently, to be wasted by the King, who is due to arrive on Friday week at Studley Royal, Lord Ripon's place, and will be ready to shoot early on the morning of the Twelfth. As for the sport there, it rather "looks like carnage," as the gentleman at the "Oxford" would say, for as crack shots there is little to choose between the King and his host, and the celebrated Dallowgill Moors always yield immense bags, being only shot over three or four times a year.

The Viscountess Gort

Now in residence at East Cowes Castle for the yachting week

Lord and Lady Leith of Fyvie on Board the "Miranda"

Lord Leith, a well-known and popular member of the Royal Yacht Squadron, does not race himself. His big steam yacht, *Miranda*, was launched last year

Photograph *Sport and General*

Leading in the Winner of the Goodwood Cup

Lord St. Davids's Kilbroney (Wal Griggs up) won this coveted prize at Goodwood last Thursday. The owner is the sporting Welshman once known to racegoers as Mr. J. Wynford Phillips

The Insurance Bill

Though, other matters having been more to the fore, we have not heard much about it lately, it is said that the strain of that cumbersome Insurance Bill of his is telling rather hardly on the never robust health of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. However, though he has somewhat lost the sprightliness with which he returned to work some months since, his spirits are still *quite* up to par, thank you, and a luncheon-table which held him, the Master of Elibank, Sir Rufus Isaacs, and, no, not Megan this time, and Mr. C. H. Hobhouse at the Carlton one day last week was, despite the heat *and* the crisis, quite the gayest of the gay.

Goodwood, Yclept Glorious

TWO GENERAL VIEWS OF LAST WEEK'S RACE MEETING

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE COURSE AND STANDS AT GOODWOOD LAST WEEK

A SECTION OF THE PADDOCK AT GOODWOOD

The absence of His Majesty, due to affairs of State that are now notorious, did not help the attendance at Goodwood, and the crowds were decidedly thinner than usual on the first two days. Betting, moreover, was light, and people had obviously attended more to enjoy each other's society and the glorious scenery than for the racing, good though the latter occasionally was

THE VIEWS OF THE NEW CHIEF PARTY ORGANISER

THE CHANCE FOR THE YOUNG CONSERVATIVE

COMMUNICATED TO "THE BYSTANDER" BY MR. A. D. STEEL-MAITLAND, M.P.

THAT the younger members of the Conservative party have what it would be no exaggeration to describe as a grievance against the powers that be, it would be idle for anyone to deny. A large number of staunch members of the party, who are guilty of nothing but the sin of youth, have, for a long time, been complaining of the lack of opportunities afforded them for getting their political skill in debating recognised with a view to qualifying as candidates for Parliament.

In view of these facts, we have pleasure in publishing the views of Mr. A. D. Steel-Maitland, M.P., the newly appointed Chief Organiser of the Conservative Party.

Haphazard Conservatism

"I think," said Mr. Steel-Maitland, "that, in the past, people, whether of the younger or the older generation, have been too much allowed to drift into politics and become Conservatives at haphazard; or, at any rate, that those who did become Conservatives were not encouraged; and, so far as they became speakers on our side, it was really a matter of haphazard. If a man happened to get into touch with the organisation in his constituency, he might make a few speeches, but there was no organised method to encourage him and give him the chance of seeing if he had his views arranged in a decently organised form and was capable of imparting them to others.

"I do think that, in this respect, there is a great deal more opportunity now than there used to be. In the first place, the need has been felt, and when once a need has been felt the opportunity for providing for it naturally follows. The result is, that the organisations which previously existed have been developed, and, in other cases, they have been devised where formerly they did not exist.

What is Being Done

"In order to show what is being done, let me take the case of the people who do not work with their hands. The United Club, which has existed for a long time, and owes a great deal of its vitality to its secretary, Mr. Grantham, is getting hold of the young men, and it trains and encourages them. It organises discussions, gets people to speak at them, and sends its members out to speak in the various constituencies when they are desired and needed. Now, I think, the need has become apparent that still further use should be made of institutions of this kind in order to enable those who really have enthusiasm on our side to become articulate.

"The same is also true with regard to working-men speakers. More and more, we are getting definite, non-official associations, like the Tariff Reform League or the Anti-Socialist Union. Inside the official organisations, however, continual efforts are being made in the same direction. In the first place, in the ordinary Conservative and Unionist Associations in the country, meetings and debates are being held, at which men are encouraged to give their views. They both encourage some who were previously too modest to speak, if I may say so, and they may prune the extravagances of others. These meetings have another effect, for, as the man gives utterance to his views, he will have to analyse them, and thus he finds out for himself where he stands. I can exemplify this training by its practical results.

Effective Workers

"When I was a candidate in Rugby, there was a 'pitch' in the Market Place where the Socialists used to speak. Among my helpers were two young men who could speak. I encouraged them as well as I could with the loan of books and the like, and in the end they completely routed the Socialist speakers, so that they gave up their 'pitch' altogether.

"Besides these meetings, we now have definite societies and associations formed for the purpose of encouraging speakers. I may mention the Junior Imperial League, which is run by Mr. Imbert Terry; the similar association in Lancashire, which is organised by Mr. Gerald Arbuthnot; and in Scotland the Workers' League. These have been started more or less independently of one another, and the task is now both to extend their operations and to see that they are properly co-ordinated with the adult Conservative Associations in the country.

Advice for Beginners

"My advice to young men anxious to qualify to be Conservative candidates is to try and take one of the openings for speaking to which I have referred. Before that, however, the men should take the trouble actually to get up the questions in detail, so that they will not only be able to talk in a general way about them, but will also be able to analyse them, and thus be able to detect the flaws in the speeches of others. They must also be up in the facts of the case, so as to be able to answer and put right any interrupter. This necessitates not only knowing the facts, but also being keen about them, and involves a genuine study of the questions. Of course, if a man can make a speciality of a question—can get a little real, original knowledge of any one of the questions, he will become doubly valuable.

The Value of Canvassing

"The next thing is to get some practice in speaking. The best way is the method which exists already in a certain degree, and will, I hope, be greatly developed in the future. This is to apply to the Organising Agent in the district the would-be candidate knows best, or, I hope, later on to the District Agent in the group of constituencies, saying he has studied the subject, that he has taken what chances he has been able to get in speaking and debating, and to ask for more chances of speaking. Then, if he shows capacity, what the agent ought to do is to give him five minutes

"And Greatly Daring Dined"

—Pope's "Dunciad"

MR. F. E. SMITH, K.C., M.P., PROMOTER OF THE "DIN AND DINNER" MOVEMENT
By which the Premier was shouted down in Parliament and Lord Lansdowne defied out of it

or ten minutes at the start of a meeting at which the bill is really filled by other speakers, so that it will not spoil the meeting, and, at the same time, will let him feel his feet.

"There is, also, nothing so good as actually offering and undertaking to do a little bit of canvassing. In this way the man is able to ascertain the way in which different questions are viewed. He will then not be so likely to talk over the heads of the audience, and will deal with his subjects intelligently. Many men, it must be admitted, do talk in a way that is sometimes said to be "over the heads" of their audiences, because they use too long words or because they have not really digested the subject themselves, and are, therefore, unable to produce it ready peptonised, as it were, for others.

How to Make Toryism Popular

"I think the way to make Toryism popular, is, as Lord Selborne said the other night, not to ape Radicalism, or to outbid the Radicals, or to steal their clothes without considering their cut. Consequently, when the country gets sick of Radicalism, it may turn to some less exciting but sounder diet.

"If, therefore, I want to make Toryism popular, I should not dress it up in fanciful phrases, but explain what it really is, and that is an attempt to organise our society both externally in its Imperial relations and internally in its social relations on what I think are sound and economic, though, perhaps, not theatrical lines. That is to say, we do not look on wealth as the Radicals do, as a cake; so that if you want to give a larger slice to some people it necessarily means docking the share of others. It may be that you have to take a bit from these others. That is quite possible. It may be necessary that, in the organic development of society, some who are well-to-do should give more for the benefit of their poorer cousins; one must recognise that is, also, quite a possibility. But it is necessary to regard economic production as an organic whole and to recognise that, if you lay very rash hands on the whole organism, you may decrease the total aggregate of production in this country. That will be an injury instead of being a benefit to those whom you hoped to help.

"From this point of view I regard the Housing and Town-Planning Bill as a proposal such as Lord Beaconsfield might have made. Indeed, so far as Unionists are concerned, while all credit should be given to Mr. John Burns, the Bill was only able to be passed by the co-operation of Mr. Alfred Lyttelton and some others.

The Tory Idea of Empire

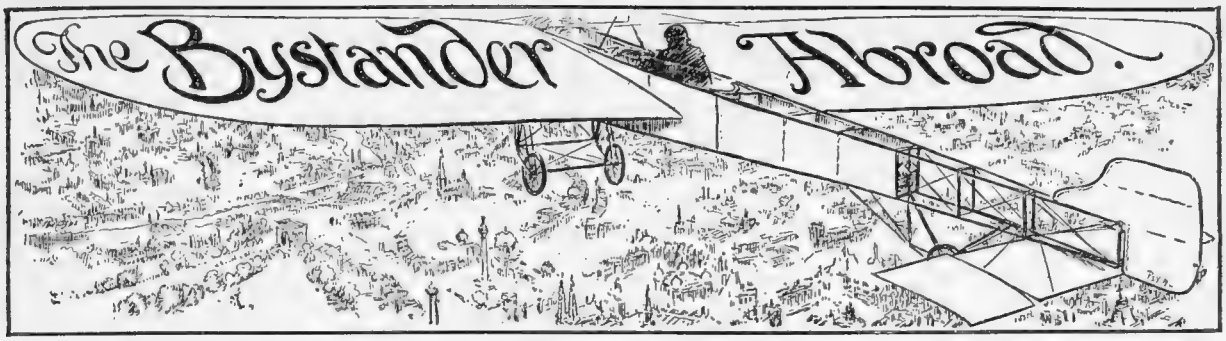
"As regards external relations, we do not want an Empire for the sake of mere size, but for two other reasons—for quality and for safety.

"For safety, because in all these modern aggregations you have to be a big unit to hold your own, if I may be allowed to use that colloquial expression.

"On the other hand, we also want it for quality—a higher quality of life that we believe can be attained by better organised relations of the different Dominions. We believe we can get greater prosperity for the individuals who compose them, and that the life of all the individuals who compose them can be enriched in everything that makes life worth living when once you have satisfied their needs necessary for actual existence. By this enrichment, I mean, the Arts, Science, Literature, Statesmanship—all of these can be enriched the more fully because what is done by one becomes the common possession of all. Let me take one instance, and one instance only, of this last factor—trade disputes. It is all to our good if, through being closely organised, say, with Australia and Canada, we can learn the value of the different methods employed by Australia, by New Zealand, and by Canada, in matters of internal arbitration, so that we may be able to go forward with less hesitation and, at the same time, with less risk of mistakes that have a peculiar danger in an old, settled, industrial community."

THE KAISER WITNESSES A CONFLAGRATION

This photograph was taken from the Imperial yacht "Hohenzollern" at Balholm, Norway, visited by the Kaiser while on his holiday. The Kaiser was an interested spectator of the fire



FASHION ABANDONS MARIENBAD FOR AIX-LES-BAINS

Unfashionable Marienbad

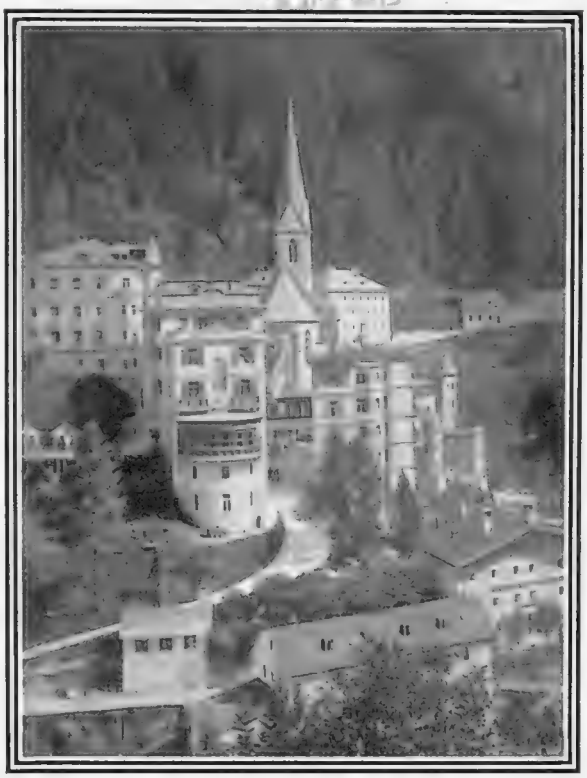
It is extraordinary to notice this year the many familiar Marienbad faces that have been transferred to Aix-les-Bains. The late King Edward, much as he desired to remain *incognito*, brought in his train a crowd of would-be fashionable persons, who played at the Kur and did their utmost to attract the attention of the many Society reporters, who watched and chronicled every detail of the late monarch's movements as if they had been affairs of State. Whole columns in the Press were devoted to the cut of his coat, the colour of his hat, his buttonhole, and his dog Cæsar, which annoyed the late King intensely. But all that has now changed in Marienbad. No one would imagine the Marienbad of two years ago and the Marienbad of to-day to be the same place.

The Ultra-Simple Life

Marienbad to-day is filled with people who are taking the Kur seriously, and are not there to show themselves off. They, too, are now able to carry out the early-to-bed and early-to-rise part of the doctor's prescription, and they are very glad to do so, as there is absolutely nothing to be done after 9.30. There are English Society persons going to Marienbad this year as they did last year, now there can be no fear of intruding upon the King's *incognito*.

M. Clemenceau's Uncourtly Manners

But King Edward's death is not only felt at Marienbad, but throughout Central Europe. Only those who were behind the scenes knew the stir that was made in European politics when the British Sovereign went to the Continent, and feel what a lull the late King's death means. There was his meeting with the Kaiser; his meeting with the Emperor of Austria; and the crowd of political writers who were sent to watch the political barometer were busily speculating as to what had been said at these interviews. Never shall I forget the excitement which was caused when M. Clemenceau motored over from Carlsbad and lunched with King Edward. They took their coffee on the verandah of the Hotel Weimar, and the curious crowd which assembled, in spite of the detectives' constant request to "move on," saw the Prime Minister of France violently gesticulating. In less than no time the rumour went round that M. Clemenceau, who was never very famous for his courtly manners, had so far forgotten himself as to give King Edward "a piece of his mind." Those, of course, who are personally acquainted with M. Clemenceau know he *never* speaks without using his hands.



A Foreign Spa that has Played an Unconscious Part in British Politics

Bad Gastein, to which Mr. Balfour announced his intention of taking on early departure during the height of the Veto crisis. It lies in a romantic valley in the Duchy of Salzburg

Knights of the Pen at Aix

So the formidable army of journalists has moved from Marienbad, where there is nothing to be seen, to Aix-les-Bains, where there is much to be seen, and still more to be heard—but *not* politics. No one goes to Aix to rest. The Kur is taken seriously—very seriously—but it is amusing, and is over well before the pleasure time begins. At Aix the chief attraction is the massage and dip, which begin as early as five in the morning.

Royalty at Gastein

A King in any fashionable place is always a very desirable asset. Even the late King of the Belgians, unpopular as he was with many on the Continent, excited a great deal of enthusiasm when he went to Gastein, and quite a nice little crowd assembled to see him coming out of church on Sunday! The King of Greece is expected at Aix this year. Everyone knows him, and he is pleased to know anyone who will not speak about politics to him.

The Bystander in Berlin

BAD FAMILIARITY: SOME WATERY HOME TRUTHS

THE Berlin Bystander did not mean to refer to Free-Bath, Wannsee, or even to Family-Bath, Wannsee. His blushes checked him. But having been forestalled by the Art Editor, and having last week discoursed on Propriety Campaigns, he feels that the murderous truth about Free-Bath, Wannsee, and Family-Bath, Wannsee, will out.

Free-Bath, Wannsee, and Family-Bath, Wannsee, are like the pictures in THE BYSTANDER of July 19, only more so. Wannsee is a pretty, pine-fringed inlet of the pale blue Havel; and some rich Berliners have villas there; while poorer Berliners merely take afternoon tickets to Free-Bath or Family-Bath. Family-Bath is relatively aristocratic. For entry you pay little, and wear less, while at Free-Bath you pay nothing and wear next to nothing. Both, though on a lake, have beaches of microscopic yellow sand; and at both you can have a refreshing swim in the Havel, and even a modest dive from a floating stage.

Novelty at German Seaside Resorts

During the intense hot weather which has prevailed recently, the seaside resorts in Germany have hit upon a novel idea of providing a military band on the sands. The latter has been highly appreciated by visitors, and the order of the day is dancing in swimming attire

At Free-Bath the sexes — being poor and therefore untrustworthy — are remotely segregated. (THE BYSTANDER pictures are Family-Bath.) Family-Bath has a beach for mixed bathing, and separated places on the stage for *Damen* and *Herren*. It takes its name *Familienbad* and its essential character from the mixed bathing part, and the Berlin Bystander when he was learning German mistook the meaning for "Bad Familiarity."

And there was some excuse for him. The Berlin Bystander has bathed all over broad Europe, from the hot Lido, where monkey-like Italians lounge all day in strips of red cotton, to primitive, sandy Sestroretsk, on the insipid Gulf of Finland, where Russians of both sexes bathe absolutely ungarbed within the five yards limit. But Family-Bath, though not as lively as Lido, and falling slightly short of Russia in exiguity of garb, excels both, and, indeed, all other bathing-resorts, for the freedom of intercourse between the sexes. And the garb is exiguous enough. The German bathing male is not ashamed of his figure. Nobody accuses him of not having enough. Sometimes he dons what is called, I think, "full University costume"; but as often—and despite the fact that he is bathing with ladies—he wears the irreducible minimum which is tolerated at London municipal baths for Men Only. In this primæval handkerchief Berlin's broad males of all ages converse, flirt, and play games with ladies. The ladies do not mind. They themselves almost invariably wear a single short and extremely tight garment of *tricot*, with glaring horizontal coloured stripes, so that they look exactly like models for vulgar picture postcards.

Without thinking of donning the *peignoir*, which the supposed indecorous Frenchwoman invariably wears, the stout ladies of Berlin walk and sprawl on the sand with their men friends, who sometimes let down their topsails in order to get sun-baths in pleasant company. On the four horizontal bars fat ladies in zebra *tricot* do wonders, while their male friends clap hands. When they are tired they ascend to the stage, eat butterbrods and drink beer. The Berlin Bystander is a grave, elderly person, little given to levity; but even he has smiled at the sight of a white-bearded gentleman, naked to the waist, and naked a little below it, puffing a cigar into the face of a lady little less naked, who, as she watches caressingly his copper chest, chews a sausage sandwich and gulps down a mug of amber Patzenhofer beer.

To the pure all things are pure. Neither Free-Bath nor Family-Bath are perilous to the Berlin Bystander's senses. The affair is too decorative, too expansive, too open, too bold. The *tricot* is too glaring, the beer too soporific, the cigars too deadly, the sand too like clay. "Bad Familiarity" is an unjustified calumny. Familiarity if you like. But no badness. Only Berlinness.

Trouville This Week

A SECOND INSTALMENT OF CONTINENTAL BAD-PICTURES

Snapshots by the Bystander's Bad-photographer

Last week we satisfied everyone with an appreciative eye for the female form divine that Ostend was the place to visit this holiday season. This week we supply pictorial evidence of Trouville's undoubted claims to attention. Next week THE BYSTANDER'S Bad-photographer may thrust yet more alluring pictures before us. We shall not decide between the respective merits of any of the sets of photographs. P.S.—Horrible Holiday Thought! Will the Continental holiday resorts hold an Inter-Bad Beauty Competition for Bathing Belles?

London Nights Entertainments

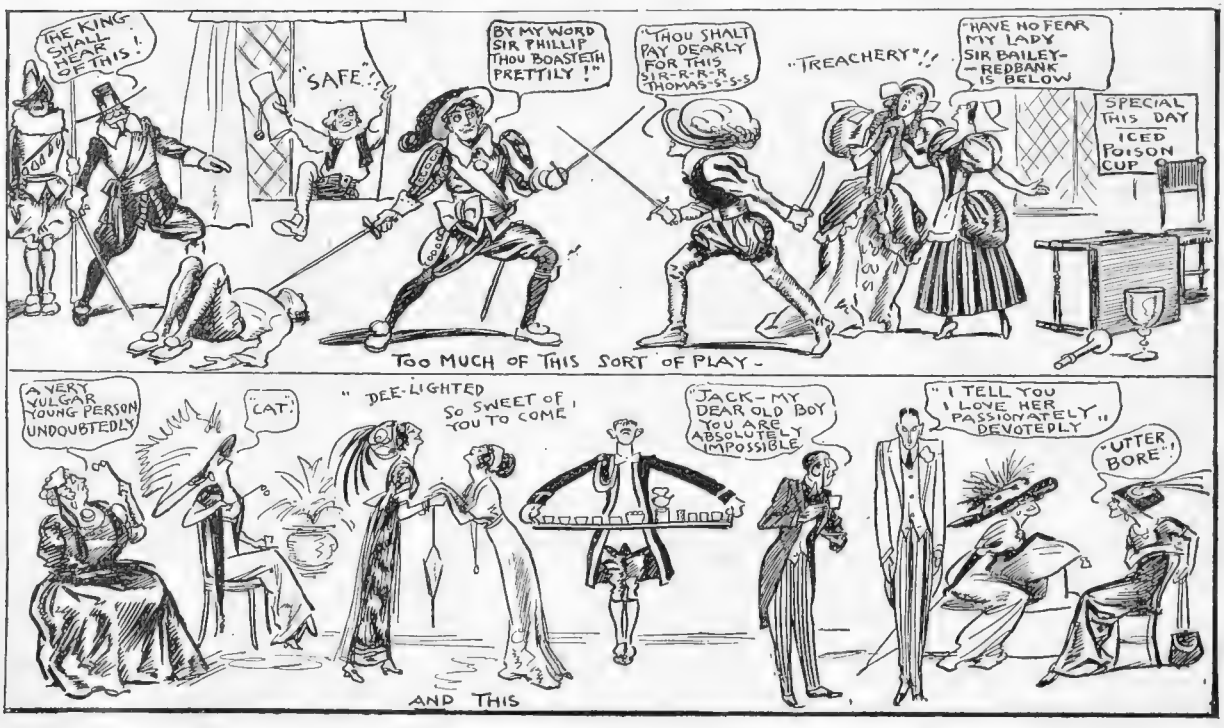
A REVIEW OF THE PAST THEATRICAL SEASON: BY "JINGLE"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY NORMAN MORROW

THE holiday season is now upon us, and it seems to me that theatrical managers must be rather glad of it than otherwise, since they have an excuse for closing their doors, and sitting down for a brief spell to think. That is, assuming that theatrical managers *do* think. The experience of the past few months would certainly justify a contrary opinion on the part of the casual observer. I do not remember a season with so many plays which, I suppose, may without discourtesy be described as failures. Naturally enough, the ordinary theatrical manager does not care to confess that a play is a failure. He usually withdraws it at the height of its success owing to a previous contract with a provincial barnstormer, or because the theatre is wanted for the Charwomen's Annual Tea. In one or two instances, however, this convenient and very proper way of escape has not been open—especially in cases where the run of a play has not extended beyond a mere fortnight.

Various attempts have been made to explain the undoubted theatrical slump. One of the funniest is that the new craze for cinematograph theatres all over London has drawn away the theatrical public. Last winter, I believe, they put it down to the skating rinks; perhaps in the autumn they will ascribe it to aviation. It is possible, however, that by the autumn managers will learn wisdom by experience. I have not the faintest notion as to the class of experts who read plays for managers, but I am not impressed with their competence.

For instance, the average reader for a book-publisher usually succeeds in finding a sufficient number of profitable manuscripts out of the mass sent in; and on the profit of these most of the publishing houses during the past season have, I believe, paid their way. But the theatrical reader does not seem to have been able to strike even an ordinary average. Take for instance two recent plays which were withdrawn very soon after their production: *Playing with Fire* at the Comedy Theatre, and *Half-a-Crown* at the Royalty. Both plays, of course, had a certain amount of merit and originality; but there must be at least a hundred expert theatregoers in London who would have hesitated to recommend such works from the point of view of a commercial venture. In each case



TWO PICTORIAL COMPLAINTS BY NORMAN MORROW

Especially During the Heat-Wave: By Norman Morrow

a long-standing acquaintance with the producing manager gave me every impulse to be enthusiastic as to the merits of the play, but the hopeless lack of quality left me no chance. I did not say of them what I actually thought, because the Editor is so severe on me when I show even a tendency to be impolite; but I had to express my astonishment that any experienced manager should have considered that such plays were worth the expense of production.

Mr. Cyril Maude's mistake with *One of the Dukes* is quite incomprehensible to me. I can only attempt to explain it on the theory that Mr. Maude, finding a good part in it for himself, hoped to carry the play, as he has carried others very little better in quality, by the sheer strength of his own acting. After all, when Mr. Maude produces a play, it is himself that the public go to see, because he is undoubtedly the best character-actor at present among us. But even a clever actor cannot make bricks without straw. I rather think I have used that simile before; but that is the worst of having had a religious bringing-up. Besides, I did not know they used straw for making bricks till I first came across the phrase; and if I can help to spread the truth while writing about things I do not understand I shall be perfectly satisfied.

If we look at the successes of the season, we are reduced to two plays. The first of them is *Kismet* at the Garrick. Myself I thought *Kismet* was one of the finest plays I had ever seen, and I am delighted to find that the general public is taking my point of view. I had begun to apprehend that I was getting out of date. During the recent heat-wave it must, I think, be admitted that a theatre that had a cold bath on the stage enjoyed a very material advantage over its rivals. It is very agreeable to see, on a hot summer's night, dainty maidens disporting themselves in the water, to say nothing of the giddy young thing in the almost altogether who dives in with a pleasing splash, and sends a soothing feeling through the house. *Kismet* is a rather daring innovation to introduce to a public familiar with the Orient only through the rather irreverent air of pantomime. It is a play with a soul in it; and it is good to know that London has appreciated its rare quality. The other play—*Passers-By*—is a very sound piece of work. Its success is no doubt due to the fact that it is a mine of what is known as homely sentiment—a quality that the most cynical of us must always approve of where it is served up without mawkishness.

A Sketch that Speaks for Itself

Much as Usual: By Norman Morrow

Mr. Lewis Waller's venture, *A Butterfly on the Wheel*, has turned out the business success which it seemed to me to promise. The best friend of the authors could not truthfully say that it is a good play; but the Great Divorce Court Scene was bound, barring accidents, to draw the crowd, especially as it is very well staged and very well acted. So far, it will be observed, I have considered the success or failure of plays from the commercial standpoint alone. I am sorry to say that that is, for the most part, my point of

What our Artist Sadly Missed: By Norman Morrow

view of theatrical enterprise. Only a reckless theatrical millionaire can afford to produce artistic plays regardless of their material success, although there are exceptions to this rule. Mr. Herbert Trench, for instance, has been admirably consistent in the good work that he has always put upon the Haymarket stage; and it is gratifying to find that a fair proportion of them have been commercial as well as artistic successes. Now, however much we may dislike business commonplaces, we all have to come down to them at the finish. I believe Mr. George Bernard Shaw is quite indifferent to the commercial side of his work—as a man who lives on bananas and baked potatoes may well afford to be—but I am very pleased to see that *Fanny's First Play*, a quite unconventional and unbusinesslike production, is enjoying a very fair measure of public support.

I think the reasons for the failures of the present season are all well defined. In many cases they are due simply to the vanity of a certain actor or actor-manager who chooses a play by the size of the part available for himself. Some plays —especially the splendid ventures of Mr. Frohman —have erred on the side of artistic severity. Dramatic art is not like the other arts of painting and sculpture, where you are appealing to the trained connoisseur. The dramatic art is something more than an art. It is a form of popular amusement, and as such, in order to be really successful, it should partake of the qualities not only of the Academy, but also of the beer-and-skittle saloon. A play is not less artistic because it is so much more comprehensible. The perfect play should appeal to everyone; that is the test of its dramatic quality; and that is why it differs from literature and painting as arts for the eclectic. That is why also the supply of the goods has been so short this season that there have not been enough good plays to go round, in spite of the care of managers' readers, who seem to be very capable literary men, but very poor showmen.

JINGLE

Perfecting Bexhill's Equipment: Lord Brassey Opens a New Colonnade

Bexhill has no pier, but it is gradually acquiring all the features nowadays deemed necessary for a properly equipped seaside resort. This colonnade, with its bandstand, has been designed as a place where music may be enjoyed and the ozone inhaled at one and the same invigorating moment. Leading British military bands have been engaged for the season

"Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears."—"HAMLET," Act IV., Sc. 7

The Late Mme. Lantelme (Drowned in the Rhine) at Home with Her Dogs

Mme. Lantelme as Roxane in "Trois Sultanes"

Mme. Lantelme: A Portrait which Shows to Advantage her Wonderful Eyes

Photographs] THREE POSES OF A FAMOUS PARISIAN ACTRESS WHO MET WITH A TRAGIC DEATH [*H. Manuel*

Paris was severely shocked last Tuesday to hear of the death by drowning of Mme. Lantelme, the well-known Parisian actress. Her husband, M. Edwards, who was the founder of the *Matin*, and one of the best-known figures of the "Tout Paris," was touring on the Rhine in his yacht *Aimée* with his wife. Mme. Lantelme, who made her *début* in the *Age d'Aimer* at the Gymnase, made recently a remarkable success as Madame Alain in the *Viel Homme* of M. Georges de Portoriche, and also as Roxane in the *Trois Sultanes* at the Odéon. Her last serious creation was that of La Gamine at the Renaissance, and at the end of the season just closing she took an important part in the Revue of M. Rip

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

WELL, well, the Old Constitution is shattered—or will be shortly after these lines are in print. The Constitution under which Englishmen have lived and flourished since the days of King Alfred (or one of those old chaps) is no more.

* * *

It is a melancholy reflection until one remembers that it can be shattered back again, if necessary, later on, when the Unionists come in. That is the best of a Constitution.

* * *

Everybody seems agreed that the invitation to the dinner given in honour of Lord Halsbury at the Hotel Cecil was not worded "Come and dine in the last ditch."

* * *

Politics are not so unlike farming, after all. There, too, "ditching" and "hedging" are often done by the same man.

* * *

Personally, I feel sorry for the poor Peers who might have been. Of course, they did not want to be Peers. They were only going to be Peers to oblige Mr. Asquith. But they must have thought about it a bit, and prepared themselves for the new life—by looking up a euphonious title, say, and getting the butler to call them by it to see how it sounded. That would only have been businesslike.

* * *

Now, alas! their time has been wasted. I think it will be ungrateful of the nation if it does nothing for these gallant noblemen, as one might almost call them. How about issuing to each a medal containing the simple letters, "*A.A.P. (Almost a Peer)*, 1911," upon it? Following the example of a contemporary, I am ready to suggest that readers who would like to contribute for this purpose might address their subscriptions to the Editor, The By——. [No.—Ed.]

"Yo've been playing in de mud again, you dirty boy! Go and wash your face dis instant. It's quite white"
(By Oswald Cuningham)

German officers, it may be noticed, did not take part in the great air-race of last week. It was sporting of them to abstain, for their detailed knowledge of the country flown over would, no doubt, have given them an unfair advantage.

* * *

What a tactful people the Germans are, by the way. Their inability to understand whom Mr. Lloyd George could have been referring to in his first warlike speech was quite prettily done.

* * *

Any stranger reading their papers might have supposed that the Patagonians had just been sending a warship to Agadir, or that the wicked Andaman Islanders were asking the French for a large portion of the Congo.

* * *

One German paper even said, that "No statesman of the first rank could thus have spoken of Germany while diplomatic pourparlers were going on." Little that newspaper knows "Our Mr. George."

* * *

Horsed fire-engines are to be given up altogether in the London area. One would suppose, after all the trouble the *Mail* has taken to prove the reliability of the aeroplane, that winged fire-engines would take the place of the old horsed kind. But no. They are to be motors.

* * *

The fact is, I suppose, that people's nerves cannot keep pace with new inventions. Uniquely safe as an "Albatross" fire-engine would be, there are people who would rather see their houses burnt down than have the firemen arrive in one.

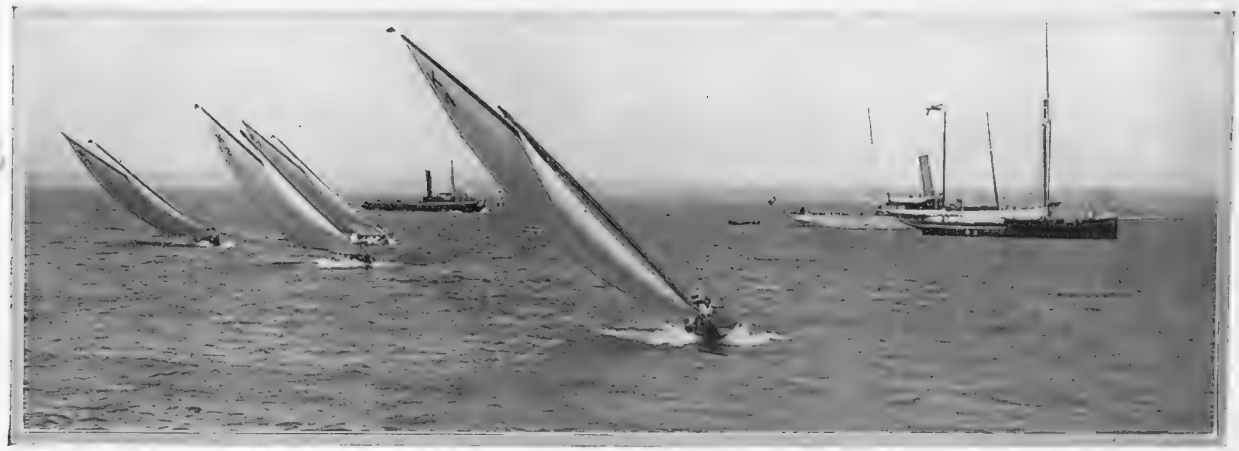
* * *

"The muffin-cover parasol"—says a contemporary—"is the most extraordinary model of the moment." Judging from illustrations, it is odd, but anyone whose head is of about the same shape and consistency as a muffin would, no doubt, find it useful as well.

More London Types

THE CRAN

Sketched not a hundred Mil



The Isle of Wight Yachting Season: An Island Sailing Club Race

CONCERNING COWES WEEK

Cowes Week.

From week to week, and sometimes even from day to day, in this sport-loving country of ours, there is always one form of sport which for the time being is paramount. This week it is yachting, and Cowes is the hub of the universe, not merely for those who are addicted to yachting, but also for those who make it a rule of life to be interested in the right thing at the right moment—and of such is the Kingdom of Society. I daresay a great many people who go to Cowes because it is the thing to do wonder how it is that a sport based on such an out-of-date method of propulsion as sailing can manage to exist, and it would probably surprise them to learn that not only yacht-racing, but even yachting (shorn of the competitive element), is more popular as a pastime just now than it has ever been. But, after all, if it comes to that, what about that noble animal, the horse? As a means to sport the motor-car and the aeroplane haven't killed him yet, and probably never will. In a word, the ind of racing which kes most for real is that which ith the aid of mechanical power. And so much more exhilarating to get fter a hard thrash to wind- s than it is to learn that the just returned from America .

this issue of making its book- desti- d.

King Alfonso, who is Attending Cowes Regatta, on Board his Yacht, "Cataluna," Firing at Seabirds

H.M. arrived in England last Wednesday, and joined Queen Victoria at Osborne

To-day (Wednesday, August 2) the 19-metre class race and the race for the German Emperor's Cup for yachts of 44ft. in length and over (with a time allowance according to their size) will be the two *pièces de résistance*. The "nineteens"—a new class this year—have already fascinated the whole yachting world by the splendid sport which they have afforded. They consist of four handsome cutters, *Mariquita* (Mr. A. K. Stothert), *Octavia* (Mr. W. P. Burton), *Corona* (Messrs. Paget and Hennessy), and *Norada* (Mr. F. Milburn). Of these *Mariquita*, designed by Fife, and *Octavia*, designed by Mylne, have so far been the most successful, though *Corona* and *Norada* have each several firsts to their credit. *Octavia* is sailed by her owner, the finest amateur helmsman round the coast, and *Mariquita* by the redoubtable Captain Sycamore, of *Shamrock* and America Cup fame.

A Chance for King Alfonso

In the 15-metre class, the racing is every whit as keen, and the handling of the boats almost, if not quite, as skilful. But in this class *Vanity* (Messrs. Hamilton Benn and J. R. Payne), though she does not always win, wins more often than not. Her English rivals are *Mariska* (Captain the Hon. F. Guest), *Jeano* (Sir John Campbell), and *Ostara* (Mr. F. Last), and this week her supremacy will be still more seriously threatened by the King of Spain's *Hispania*, who distinguished herself greatly in this class last season during the brief time that she raced in our waters. In the 12-metre class, *Ierne*, like *Vanity* (and, like her, a Fife-designed boat), is just a bit the best of the bunch, and is likely to reap more laurels before Saturday.

Crack Competitors at Cowes

Messrs. F. and C. H. Last's "Ostara" (15-metre class)

The German Emperor's Schooner "Meteor" (23-metre class)

Mr. A. K. Stothert's "Mariquita" (19-metre class)

Messrs. Payne and Benn's "Vanity" (15-metre class)

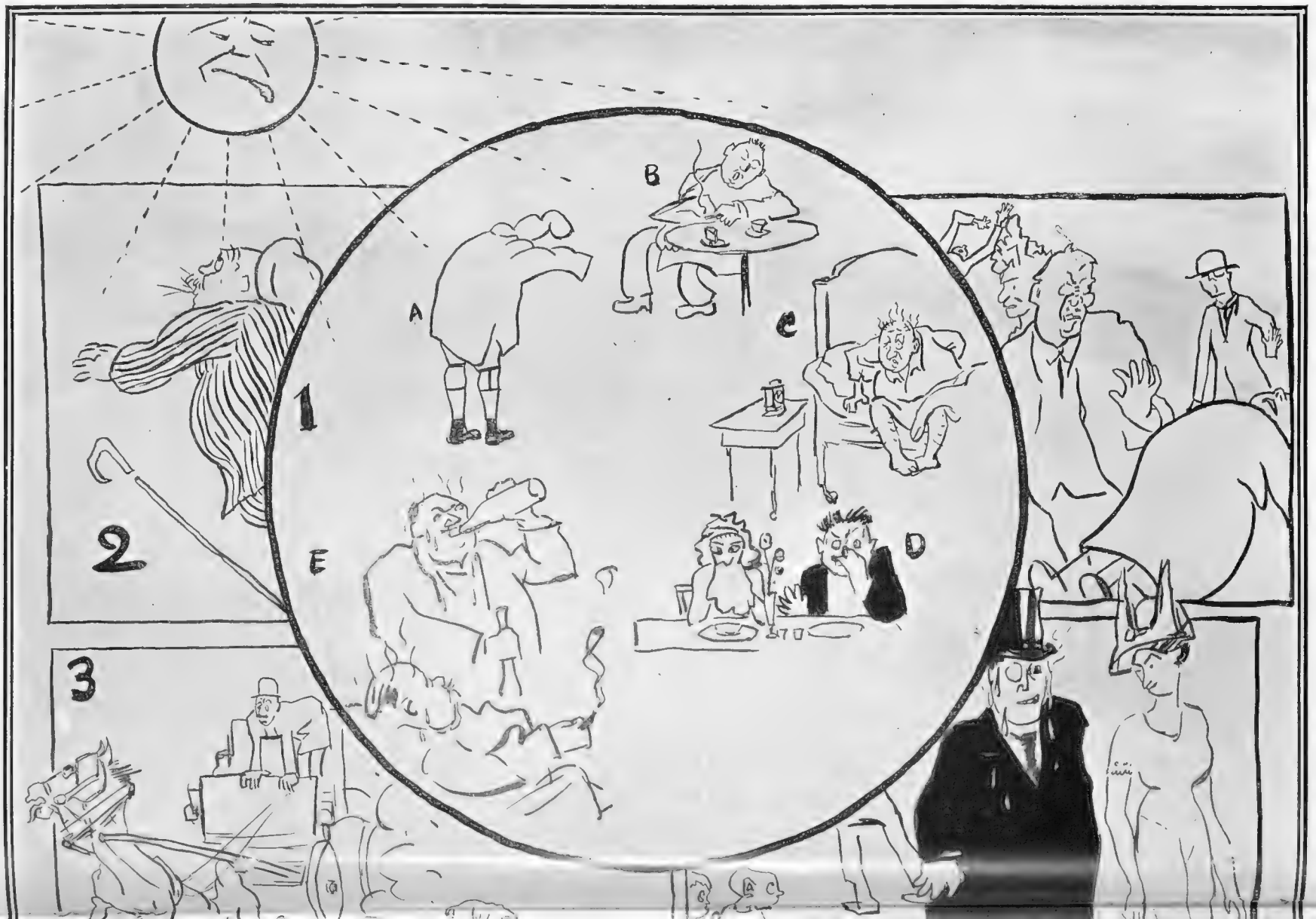
Mr. A. F. Sharman Crawford's "Ierne" (12-metre class)

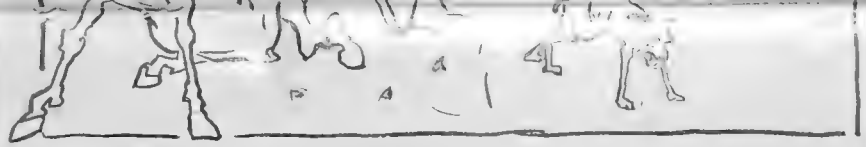
Mr. W. P. Burton's "Octavia" (19-metre class)

THE SPEEDIEST YACHTS IN COMMISSION BATTLING IN THE SOLENT

"Too Much Perspire"

THE HEAT-WAVE AS IT HAS AFFECTED OUR JAPANESE ARTIST, MR. R. ARAI





1. (a) Too much perspire because too hot, clothes can not take off—too wet because very perspire.

   (b) After take dinner getting sleepy because house getting very warm.

   (c) Night time also warm sleeping in the bed impossible.

   (d) Food all smell not good, so could not eat.

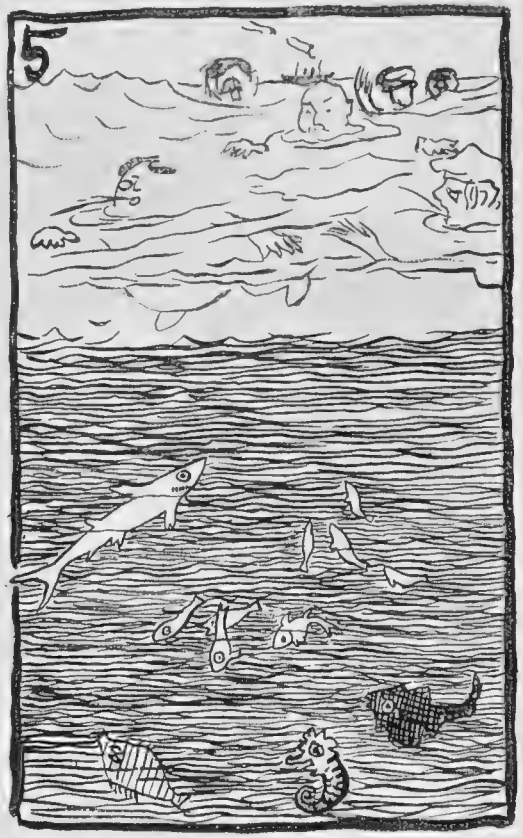
   (e) Very thirsty so drink too much. Very busy about make own self cool.

2. People get sunstroke on the street.

3. Cab horse also sunstroke as well as people.

4. Wife very thin clothes, so looks cool, but husband very thick coat and boots also looks warm, too much gaiter, hat also most hot, husband terrible uncomfortable.

5. Many people swimming so fishes very surprised about so many feet hanging above.



6. Also in the forest many people as in sea. Those people forgotten his work because so terrible hot day at London.

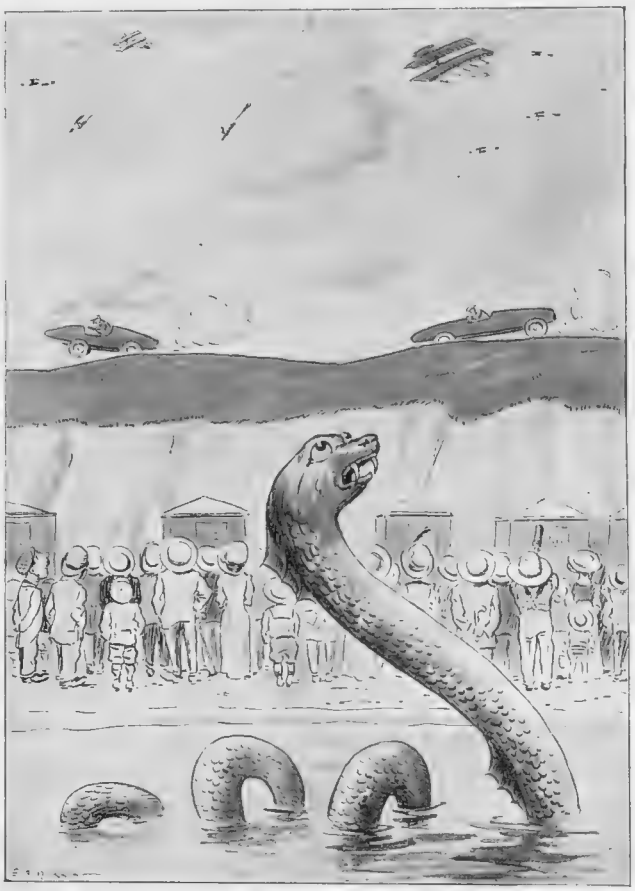
7. Many Turks, Indians, Negroes—speak each other about London summer very cool. Very like most hottest day. Hopes tomorrow more terrible hot.

[NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—*The titles to the drawings, as well as the arrangement of the same, are the artist's own unaided and uncorrected work*]

WHERE FLYING FAILS

THE MONOTONY OF AVIATION AS A SPECTACLE

FLYING races seem defective as a form of sport, owing to the fact, among others, that the spectator cannot be present at both the start and the finish. It may be that by-and-by something in the nature of a circular course will be provided, so that the whole of the race can be seen from a given point; but for the moment it is difficult to work up a sporting enthusiasm for a race which begins before your eyes and ends in to-morrow morning's paper. The start of the competitors in a flying race is characterised by a certain degree of monotony, which is only varied when a pilot is observed to be in difficulties in mid-air. But such a spectacle can afford very little healthy amusement to the individual who is a normal product of modern civilisation. It is too nerve-wracking to watch for any length of time a fellow-creature wrestling with death while all the odds seem to be against him. To my mind, this feature of flying races destroys a good deal of their sporting character. The fierce joy of seeing somebody done to death is no longer a fashionable emotion. The old Roman sport of *Christianes ad leones* was more legitimately exciting; though even that had, in time, to go down before public opinion, which came to the conclusion that the healthy moral value of such refined entertainments had been a good deal over-rated.



The Sea Serpent: "Thanks to these new midges, I should stand a fair chance of escaping those silly newspaper men this season!"
(By E. A. Morrow)

The Importance of Being Absent

The sporting interest for the spectator comes in when he shares with the aviator the risk of fatal damage. This happens when an aviator, making a short turn, flies over the heads of the spectators at the height of a few feet. At Brooklands, when the great race started, one or two of the machines came straight at the crowd, rushing along like winged monsters of fable, and making a noise like the short, coughing snarl of an angry lion. As you know from the unfortunate experience of others that an aeroplane in the air is worth two on the back of your neck, you naturally try to get out of the aviator's course. This, however, seems impossible; whichever way you turn you find you are still on the aviator's line of route. It is as difficult to get from under him as it is to pass a star in the heavens. The sport for the spectator here is to watch and see what happens—whether the aeroplane will fall on you or the other man. I saw one or two of the spectators at Brooklands run quite fast to avoid the chance of being hit between the shoulders by a festive monoplane; though I have very little doubt that the risk of accident was practically absent. I saw one man coming out of the refreshment-bar later in the afternoon, and he explained to me that he had run in there to avoid the risk of being hit by a flying machine. I commend this really new excuse to all good sportsmen when flying becomes more general. (Note to the Editor:—Dear Sir,—If flying exhibitions become the rage, would it not be as well to alter the title of the paper from the By-stander to the Under-stander?)

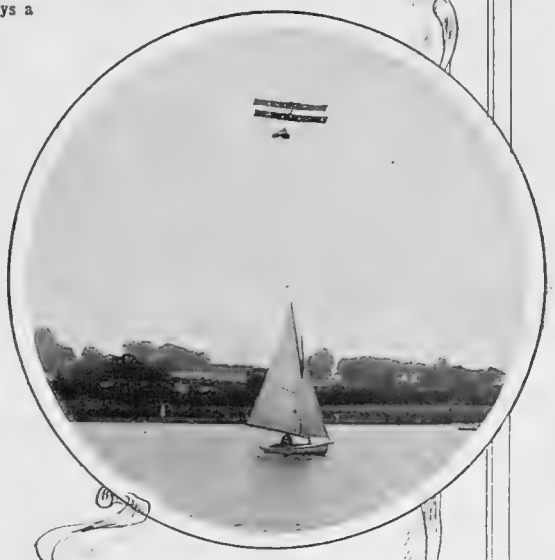
A Spartan Game

I suppose the start was made from Brooklands because being an enclosed space it gave the Aero Club an opportunity very properly to recover from the public a fraction of the heavy outlay involved by the management of the race. I should doubt, however, whether future events of the kind will bring in very much gate-money after the first novelty has worn off, especially as flying is such a strange sport that the race can be followed quite as well by a spectator who is ten miles away from the starting-point. Aviation annihilates space. On the other hand, Brooklands is an ideal place for the sportsmanlike spectator who realises that he is about to witness a Spartan game, and that it is, therefore, incumbent on him to be guided by a noble example, and not to allow himself to be coddled with too much comfort. That, at least, was the philosophic ideal with which I approached the flying grounds. The Brooklands authorities do not pander to the growing love of ease. I saw no chance of finding a diametrical path from one side of the course to the other, and consequently I trudged drearily round the circumference. No doubt, the experience was a useful one to me, and of great moral advantage. I trust I shall live long enough to appreciate the fact.

Hints for Flight Photographers

TYPES OF SUBJECT TO LOOK OUT FOR

(1) First and foremost look out for a smash. Always a reliable line



(2) A Plane flying over water with ships is always effective, as is also—

(3) Anything that enables comment to be made on the use of the Aeroplane in time of war

(4) Select your individual spectators from the nobility. (The lady in the centre is Viscountess Helmsley, watching arrivals at Harrogate

(5) Or, if the nobility are absent, snapshot a lady in some such piquant attitude as the above

(All the above are incidents in the great "Daily Mail" £10,000 Prize historic and epoch-making contest for the Blue Riband of the Air, which, despite political and other absurd crises, took place all over England last week)

It may be, however, that the average spectator, who is more disposed to watch than to do, will think twice before paying good money for a spectacle involving so much pedestrianism. Everybody recognises that an aviation ground must be a pretty big place, but it might as well be made accessible to the spectator who has forgotten to bring his motor-car with him.

The Sleeve-Badged

I think the Aero Club would have a better chance of spectacular success with future exhibitions if their organisation were made a little more complete. Perhaps it is that the Aero Club suffers on this occasion by the inevitable comparison that occurs between their methods and the admirable system of the *Daily Mail*. On the starting day most of the members of the Club seemed to be confining their activities to the wearing of a sleeve-badge proclaiming to all whom it might concern that they were special persons. It was difficult to move a yard without encountering one of these important people; but except for the natural joy we obtained from their presence, they did not seem to be doing much to further the interests of the great event of the day. I asked one of them where the ambulance department was, and he replied that he thought it was "somewhere at the back." I found afterwards that he was right. I have never in my life seen an ambulance department so much "at the back."

Wasting the Aviator

When Mr. Kemp had his disastrous fall from his Avroe biplane, I happened to be talking to Mr. Roe, the inventor and manager of this particular form of aerial locomotion. The fall was a matter of a few breathless seconds. It gives you a queer, numbing sensation to see a flying machine tumbling headlong through space, and then striking the ground with a thud that sends a thick cloud of dust about the wreckage; and the suspense of trying to discern in the heap of rubbish a movement that will indicate that, happily, the worst has not happened is quite uncanny. Mr. Roe and I ran hard to the scene of the disaster; then other people came running up. But there was no suggestion of an ambulance-car, which should have been there before any of us. It arrived "somewhere at the back." The same thing happened in the case of a fall in the race itself. Police, photographers, and other pedestrians were on the scene long before the ambulance-car, although through our glasses we could see the aviator in a temporary faint leaning on the side of his seat. Fortunately, neither of the aviators was badly hurt; but in the case of a serious accident the instantaneous arrival of a car might mean all the difference between life and death. After all, the Brooklands authorities might look after the aviators in their own interests. There are not many aviators, and it is a pity to waste them, especially as with care the same aviator may be used more than once. And if the Aero Club has any business acumen (a point as to which I have no information), it might recognise that aviators handled in a businesslike spirit are remunerative investments.

Grand Stands in the Clouds

As a sporting spectacle flying races are certainly not very satisfactory at present; but it may be that as our education increases, life as we have known it hitherto will be entirely revolutionised. Aviation was sprung upon us before we were quite ready for it, and we have not yet had time to invent the Grand Stand of the new era, which will be something in the shape of a captive balloon capable of seating a thousand persons at popular prices, and also at a height of one thousand feet.

A. G.

THE FATHER OF THE MUSICAL-COMEDY SMILE

A gentleman who has grinned perennially since the Dutch took Haarlem. He is one of a series of gargoyles erected by the priests around Haarlem Cathedral, presumably as a protest against the prevailing severe style of architecture

How Far Off is the Reality?

PLAYING AT NAVAL WAR IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF CAPE COD

THE UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP, "NEW HAMPSHIRE," FIRING A BROADSIDE FROM HER PORT BATTERIES
Note that the recoil of these tremendous guns has apparently no effect on the equilibrium of the ship, so staunch and staple is the latter

WATCHING THE EFFECT OF SHELL-FIRE ON A FLOATING TARGET FROM THE BATTLESHIP, "VIRGINIA"
These fine pictures instantly provoke the reflection as to how far off is the day when great ships of this type will be battling in real earnest. There has never been a time when relations between the great Powers have been more strained. Though the great Continental war, which students of world politics have long regarded as inevitable, must, at any rate in its opening stages, be of a purely military character, the trial of naval strength must come. The top picture gives a thrilling notion of possible "Bystander" photographs of the future

A Union of the Arts

THE CHARMING SONGSTRESS WIFE OF A FAMOUS PAINTER

Camera Portrait MME. GEORGES SCOTT *E. O. Hoppé*

The wife of the famous Parisian painter, whose fine portrait of King George was an outstanding feature of this year's Salon, is known in the world of music as Miss Nelly Martyl. She is of Irish extraction, and has features typical of the daughters of Erin. She is well known in many Continental cities as a charming singer, particularly at the Opéra Comique in Paris

Bystander Short Story

A QUESTION of SUPREMACY

By HERBERT L. VAHEY

THE Ponders were in the "van of Fashion"; that is to say, the Ponders themselves thought so, and by dint of frequent and judicious repetition induced a large number of their friends to believe it, and they daily abased themselves in reverential rows commencing on the Ponders' immaculate doorstep and ending in their iniquitously expensive green and gold drawing-room.

Sir William, it should be mentioned, had toiled and raised himself from an obscure butter-dealer, town councillor, and J.P., to a prominent butter importer (with a decent fleet of ships), an Alderman, and Baronet.

Having thus attained the heights which commanded the more desirable section of Bayswater society, Lady Ponder set herself earnestly to work to dominate, or, at least, to bring into willing subjection, those of other localities who had not yet acknowledged her sceptre. With unlimited wealth, a large house, a useful title, and a smattering of general knowledge, the Ponders were in a fair way of realising their ambitions.

The Cators, of Kensington, had already paid court. There was a general, though unconfirmed, whisper that "Bounder" Ponder had gained a foothold in the Barry-Lister *ménage* at Mayfair Crescent. In fact, everything looked propitious and hopeful.

Seated one day in the green and gold drawing-room, Lady Ponder reviewed the family prosperity with the utmost satisfaction. The aristocratic atmosphere left by Lady Demaine (wife of a third baronet), who had just called, still hung about; it was very sweet and tranquillising, she sighed with contentment, and smiled as the future rose before her mental vision alluringly.

In this delightful state of gentle ecstasy, the restrained knock of the perfectly drilled footman jarred cruelly on her ears, dissipating her happy dream.

"Mrs. Lancelot Roysse," he announced in expressionless tones.

Lady Ponder frowned, looked relieved, shook out the folds of her heavy silk dress, and rose to meet her guest.

"What is this delightful news about your son?" Mrs. Roysse began, archly. "I had no idea that the wind blew from that quarter. I'm so glad; the Barry-Listers are such nice people," she chuckled complacently, and added, "Are congratulations premature?"

Lady Ponder smiled reprovingly, and tried to look subtle. She had not the faintest notion what her friend was talking about; but, true to the traditions of "smartness," she refrained from showing her hand. Of one thing she was sure, the coupling of her son's name with that of the Barry-Lister's was flattering and agreeable. In the absence of direct knowledge of her son's connection, therefore, she temporised, but did not deny Mrs. Roysse's suggestion.

"It is a little too soon for congratulations—yet!" she vouchsafed. "But I am pleased to say Clarence is on terms of closest intimacy with the family. He's such a dear boy, and chooses such nice friends."

"She has money, has she not?"

"Oh, my dear Moira, piles—heaps—most desirable, and pretty too. Oh, so pretty!" panted Lady Ponder, relying on vague reports for her facts. She had, it is true, seen the girl in the park—though at a considerable distance.

"He could hardly do better, could he?"

Lady Ponder hesitated, eyeing her guest keenly. "No, I suppose not," she said, doubtfully. "I had hopes that perhaps he might marry title; but—well, one cannot interfere in affairs of the affections."

Mrs. Roysse nodded in agreement. "Title is not everything," she remarked sagely.

Lady Ponder winced, and said, "No—o."

"Titles are so common nowadays," pursued her visitor; "every second person one meets—in society, I mean—has one. It seems only necessary to lay the foundation-stone of an East-end Liberal Club or to subscribe to hopeless charities for hopeless characters to secure inclusion in Burke or Debrett."

Lady Ponder compressed her lips firmly, but transformed the hard look into a fatuous smile and changed the subject.

"You're coming to our little dinner on Wednesday fortnight, dear, I hope?" she purred.

"My dear Lady Ponder, of course I am. I would as soon think of missing the Derby or my breakfast. I posted my acceptance this morning. Is it to be an occasion?"

Lady Ponder arched her brows inquiringly.

"I thought that perhaps Clarence would take the opportunity to announce the happy arrangement," continued Mrs. Roysse.

"Oh, my dear Moira," broke in Lady Ponder, with subdued horror; "you really mustn't—you anticipate. I don't even know if the poor boy has made up his mind at all. Perhaps—only perhaps!"

Mrs. Roysse laughed knowingly. "Wonder if I might bring a friend?" she said.

"Of course, my dear," said Lady Ponder, blandly; "we shall be only too delighted."

With a smile that was nothing but a dental advertisement Mrs. Roysse rose to go. "Thanks so much, dear," she murmured.

Lady Ponder kissed her affectionately on both cheeks, and wiped her lips surreptitiously with a lacy handkerchief.

"I hope you'll like him," said Mrs. Roysse, putting on her gloves. "We think him so original—my husband and I. He's quite a find. Men are such hopeless sticks nowadays."

"I shall look forward most eagerly to meeting him," returned Lady Ponder, always with the same guarded smile. "Good-bye, dear."

Lady Ponder had hardly recovered from the unpleasant effect of Mrs. Roysse's visit (the unpalatable

(All rights strictly reserved)

reference to titles was still fresh in her mind) when Clarence entered boisterously.

"Who's been, mater?" he asked.

"Lady Carterette, Mrs. Roysse, and a host of dispensable nobodies," returned Lady Ponder, wearily.

"Mrs. Roysse?" repeated Clarence, rubbing his hands and broadening into a grin. "How funny. I've just been hearing some delicious scandal about her. It may be useful some day. Have you quarrelled with her yet? No. Well, we'll pigeon-hole it. The run of other people's skeleton cupboards is always advantageous in society!"

Lady Ponder looked astonished. "So Mrs. Roysse had a skeleton, has she? I'm so glad. She's too—well, I don't like her at all. She wants to be 'Grande Dame' in our set, and you know that that is impossible——"

"Oh, quite," remarked Clarence. "I thought that she was up to something of the sort; she's been working life and death to get Ellyth for a daughter-in-law. That would materially aid her to realise her ambitions."

"Oh," said Lady Ponder, laconically. "That is it, is it?"

Clarence nodded and sipped his tea.

"You see how useful the scandal will be," he said.

"A most effective check to her intolerable——"

"Especially as I—well—Ellyth seems awfully keen on me," interrupted Clarence.

"Quite so," agreed Lady Ponder.

"I think," said Clarence, modestly. "I think that I have almost established an understanding between us—Ellyth and me, I mean. Old Barry-Lister seems—well, not unfavourable."

Lady Ponder rose and kissed her eldest son rapturously.

"Oh, Clarence, you are a dear boy!"

With a sigh of satisfaction she subsided unexpectedly into her chair, her adiposity shaking with suppressed laughter.

"What's up, mater?" asked Clarence, with surprise.

"I can't help thinking of poor Mrs. Roysse," replied his mother, convulsively. "It really is too delicious."

Clarence smiled knowingly. "It has the unusual merit of being both funny and useful," he remarked, strolling to the window.

. . . . .

During the next few days Mrs. Roysse was busy in Peckham, looking for a certain James Wilkinson. In Eden Road—a misnamed and melancholy thoroughfare, redolent of the odour of fried onions—her search ended, and with a radiant smile she stood face to face with Professor James Wilkinson, astrologer, etc., etc., and quondam friend of the Ponders. Such good fortune seemed ominous and propitious, and she drove home in the best of humour. In her mind's eye she saw Lady Ponder's abdication and the transference of the social sceptre to her own hands, the consequent probability of a matrimonial alliance with the Barry-Listers, and the sway and control of smart Bayswater. In the humble and unimposing James Wilkinson she saw victory, capitulation, and power. She laughed aloud as she lay back in her cosy brougham.

Though far from understanding the part he was to play in this tragi-comedy, her unconscious ally was more than willing to accept the invitation—so nicely given by Mrs. Roysse—to renew the acquaintance with the now illustrious family. What purpose the Baronet and his amiable spouse could have in "requesting the honour of his company to dinner" was utterly beyond his powers of comprehension—possibly they wanted to see him for "old times sake." Whatever their motive might be he accepted with alacrity.

On the evening arranged, Mr. Wilkinson—conveyed thither in the Roysse's brougham—found himself in the hall of Sir William's town residence in Cressington Square. Lady Ponder advanced and greeted him pleasantly. She was clad in a dove-grey costume and wore the celebrated Ponder diamonds.

"And this is your friend?" she asked, smiling sweetly, as her eyes ran over Wilkinson's somewhat antique dress suit. "I am deli——"

"I find that he is also a very old friend of yours!" broke in Mrs. Roysse, with a touch of restrained irony. "Lady Ponder—Mr. Wilkinson."

Her hostess started a little and inclined her head uncertainly. "Wilkinson" was slightly, though painfully, reminiscent. She followed anxiously the mental train — Wilkinson — Peckham — Peckham — butter-dealing days—social obscurity—ugh!

Wilkinson stepped briskly forward and grasped his hostess's hand with plebeian warmth.

"Why, Mrs.—Lady Ponder, this is a pleasure. It's just like the old days—and you're not changed a bit—in face, I mean. You're as young-looking as you were at——"

Lady Ponder drew herself up majestically at this equivocal speech.

"Thank you," she said, coldly, and with an air of finality. "I'm afraid you have the advantage. I don't remem——"

"Wilkinson—James Wilkinson—Abbotsford—Eden Road—Peckham!" he blurted out. "Twenty years is a long time, but I have never forgotten those jolly evenings—aye, and the eel-suppers—you remember the eel-suppers?"

Lady Ponder turned away frowning.

"I'm so sorry you didn't remember Mr. Wilkinson," said Mrs. Roysse. "I thought you would be pleased to see him again. In fact, I planned the whole thing as a pleasant surprise."

Lady Ponder saw the unmasked battery, bit her lip, and turned to her guest with a smile of ineffable sweetness.

"Oh, I think I do recollect the name now—Professor Wilkinson, of Peckham—the phrenologist and all that, my dear Moira; I didn't know he was a friend of yours!"

This dexterous marshalling of her forces, and the sudden preparation of unsuspected forces, was not accomplished without considerable exertion, and Mrs. Roysse was not a little taken aback at her hostess's agility. She remained silent, nonplussed, and Lady Ponder followed up the advantage with praiseworthy promptitude.

"So kind of you to bring him, Mrs. Roysse," she said. "I'm sure he'll keep us all amused. Come, Professor, I must introduce you to Sir William."

Before Mrs. Roysse could circumvent this wily move and prevent her hostess from having a private interview with the palmist, Lady Ponder had carried him off to the smoking-room.

"Wilkinson!" she said, when they were alone, "what is the meaning of this unwarrantable intrusion?"

(Continued on page 244)

Petite Chanson—Harry Fragson

A CARICATURE OF A FAMOUS ANGLO-FRENCH ENTERTAINER

FRAGSON AND THE PIANO: BY ANDRÉ FOY

The songs of Fragson are as light and delicate as he himself is heavy and grim of visage. Equally popular in London and Paris, this entertainer supplies one of the rare instances of an Englishman who had to win fame out of his own country before he could get a hearing in it. He composes most of his own pretty songs

(Continued from page 242)

Wilkinson shot an apprehensive glance at the irate lady before him, shifted his position so as to have the advantage of a chairback, and related briefly how he came to be there. Lady Ponder heard him with growing horror. What a narrow escape! How fortunate that Mrs. Roysse's intention had been exposed. This was her plan, then: she meant to fight for the social supremacy by bringing into prominence the long-forgotten, humble origin of the family! The proposition was unmistakable, but the solution was a matter of some difficulty. One word from Wilkinson, one reminiscent allusion to Peckham days and ways and the Ponders were wrecked! Perspiration bathed Lady Ponder's face in usual quantities as she thought of it.

"Wilkinson," she said, at length, "I do not blame you; you are merely the tool in the hands of a jealous and unscrupulous woman. On no account must you recall our early friendship; don't breathe one word about the past—particularly the Peckham past. I will give you twenty pounds to forget all the incidents, stories, and episodes of the days of Sir William's and my obscurity. Is it a bargain?"

Wilkinson looked at her wonderingly.

"It is," he replied simply.

"And," broke in Lady Ponder, receiving a brilliant inspiration, "I'll give you a further twenty to tell the fortunes of my guests—if—if you will include certain information which I will give you about a lady here whom you already know. Will you do it?"

Wilkinson paused, mystified by the opulent atmosphere and the vision of glittering gold pouring almost unearned into his sadly depleted coffers.

"I promise, ma'm," he said, recovering himself, "to declare, state, or relate anything about anyone for the sum mentioned."

Lady Ponder hastily outlined in brief the recently acquired scandal concerning Mrs. Roysse, recapitulating and repeating the important points so that he should not omit from his narration anything that was vital.

"Introduce those things, somehow," was her last injunction as she caught up her train and swept out of the room.

Rejoining her guests, Lady Ponder went boldly to Mrs. Roysse and said, in a voice that all could hear:

"Thanks so much, my dear Moira, for picking up my tame astrologer. I engaged him some time ago; but I am afraid I quite forgot to send Williams for him. How did you think of it? I didn't even remember having told you that he was coming. I intended it as a little surprise. It was awfully good of you to think of it."

Mrs. Roysse paused and flushed crimson. It was on the tip of her tongue to expose her hostess's ingenious prevarication, but the thought that in so doing she would have to disclose her own unworthy motives deterred her.

"He is an old friend, isn't he, dear?" she asked sweetly.

"Well—almost," smiled Lady Ponder. "The children are so fond of him. He used to tell their fortunes, you know, and predict all sorts of lovely things for them. Clarence still calls him 'Uncle Astral.'"

This magnificent effort silenced Mrs. Roysse. She was not prepared for such skilful manœuvres. Her hostess was certainly handling the situation in a "marvellously masterly manner." Mrs. Roysse, however, by no means intended to surrender or suspend hostilities; she merely wanted a little time to think and to muster her forces.

"I hope he will tell us something really nice," continued Lady Ponder; "don't you, Moira?"

"I don't suppose he will tell us everything," replied Mrs. Roysse, pointedly, as Lady Ponder turned away.

The dinner-gong sounded opportunely, taking a great strain off the hostess's nerves. This rapier and stiletto play was difficult and exhausting.

During the meal Mrs. Roysse, by a clever manœuvre, returned to the attack, and endeavoured with consummate skill to drag in Wilkinson. It taxed Lady Ponder's powers to the utmost to attend to her social duties, keep the ball of ordinary conversation rolling, and parry Mrs. Roysse's covert thrusts.

When at last the meal was finished, preparations were made for Professor Wilkinson's exhibition.

Mrs. Roysse was seated next to Mrs. Carteret, into whose willing ears she was pouring information of a somewhat uncomplimentary character respecting their hostess.

"Here he comes," exclaimed Mrs. Carteret, as the beaming Professor entered the room; "how delightful to have our fortunes told—and for nothing too. I hope he won't be embarrassing, don't you?"

Mrs. Roysse laughed stupidly, and was about to launch out boldly on the Ponder-Wilkinson friendship when her companion interrupted her:

"And so your friendship with Captain Jocelyn is engaging the world's attention. How very interesting. *Ça feva du scandale certainement.* Oh, naughty, naughty! Lady Ponder has just been telling me all about it."

Mrs. Roysse started a little and turned to her companion excitedly.

"Lady Ponder's maliciousness is well known," she said.

"Oh," said Mrs. Carteret, smiling at her friend's vehemence; "it is true, then! How romantic. I hope for your sake that the palmist will not be too informative. It would be awkward, wouldn't it?"

Mrs. Roysse gasped. "So Lady Ponder knew!" In a flash she realised how completely her hostess had her in her power; obviously this was the reason for the performance. Wilkinson was to blare it forth to a roomful of people. An exposure under such circumstances would be intolerable. She decided not to risk it. A convenient faintness caused her to send for her carriage.

Lady Ponder's eye was upon her like a hawk.

"Must you go, Moira?" she said, hastening to her side with a look of anxiety. "Do stay and hear what Wilkinson says; it would be such fun. Yes, you must; I'll get him to tell yours first and then you can go."

"Thanks so much, my dear Lady Ponder, but I'm afraid—I—well, I don't feel up to it at present—the heat—flowers—yes, I must go."

Flapping her handkerchief desperately to cool her burning cheeks, Mrs. Roysse hastened away.

Moving triumphantly through the crowded room Lady Ponder approached Ellyth and kissed her affectionately.

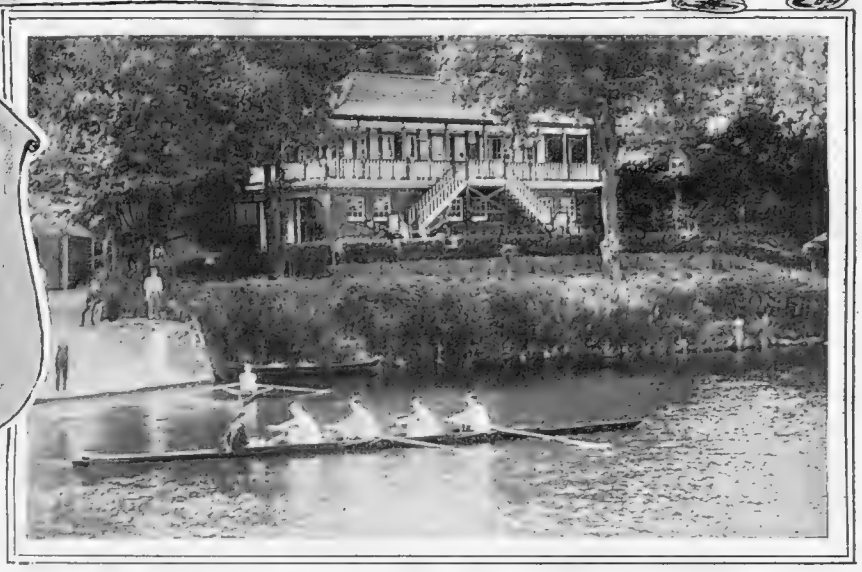
"So delighted, darling," she cooed, and turning she faced the company—victorious!

HERBERT L. VAHEY

Famous Rowing Clubs at Home

No. 8 The Bristol Ariel

Illustrated by Leonard Willoughby



The Bristol Ariel Boat-house and Grounds at St. Anne's Park, Three Miles from Bristol
The premises and grounds are kept in admirable order by the Club boatman, a retired naval petty officer

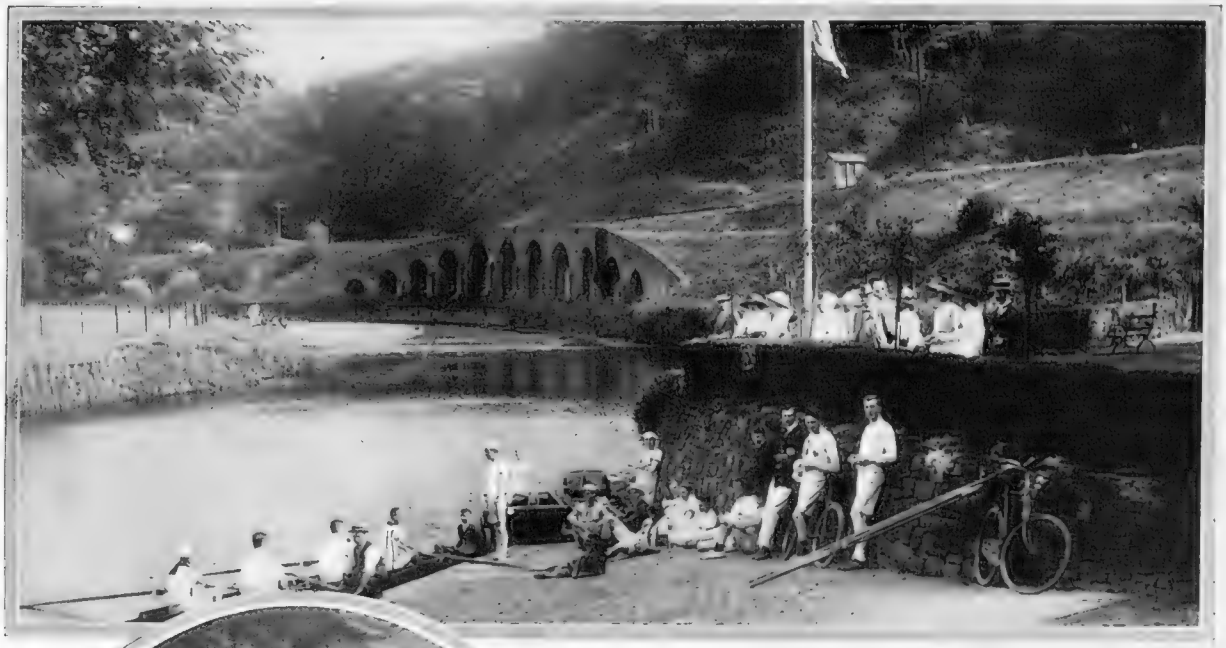
WHATEVER else the City of Bristol may possess of architectural and rural beauty, it certainly can boast of having the most delightfully picturesque boat-house, standing in perfect sylvan surroundings. I have seen nothing to compare with it in the kingdom in this respect. The Club was founded in 1870, when its headquarters were an old French frigate, built in 1792, and which is still moored in the town close to the docks. The present club-house, built in 1901, is at St. Anne's Park, some three miles distant from the City. It lies at the foot of a high, wooded cliff, and on the right is the main line of the Great Western Railway. The river here forms a horseshoe, and, in consequence, is naturally not the best course for racing, though there is a straight half-mile for training on. The course for this, however, is at Saltford, near Bath.

The Club consists of about one hundred members, having as its President Sir Herbert Ashman, Bart., who takes a great interest in its welfare. It is in a flourishing condition on the whole, but, like many clubs, has felt the competition of other attractions. Nevertheless, the officers are keen, put in a lot of work, and do their utmost to keep things going. In the list of wins, which is painted up inside the club-house, it will be seen that Bristol Ariel has been successful at all the Western and Midland regattas, and last season won the West of England Challenge Vase at Saltford.

Mr. Holloway, the Captain, a very useful oar, has raced for seven seasons, and has put in a lot of good work, while

A Maiden Four, with the Captain, Mr. Holloway, Standing

The Bristol Ariel Rowing Club—*(continued)*



Getting the Boats Off for a Practice

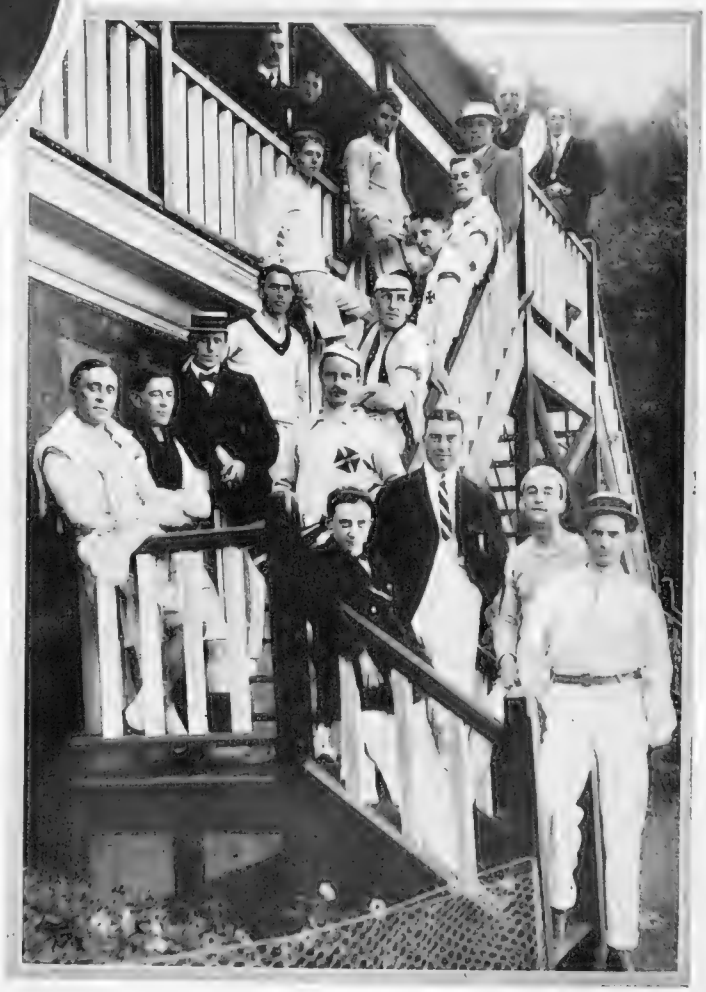
Tea on the Terrace of the Boat-house

Mr. Townsend, a member for twenty years, has done yeoman service in coaching, and is, in fact, one of the finest coaches in England. Bristolians are not, as a whole, river men, partly on account of the rowing portion of the river being outside the town. There are also eight golf courses around the city, which naturally attract a great number of men who might otherwise go in for aquatics.

At the same time, the name of the Bristol Ariel is to be found engraved on many of the principal Challenge Cups in the provinces, and it has turned out some very useful men. THE BYSTANDER is fully convinced that there is nothing to prevent still further laurels being added to those gained in the past if only the young men of the city do not get obsessed with the spirit of the age, which, unfortunately, appears, in most sports and games, to be one of slackness. The spectator's rôle is nowadays deplorably popular. Perhaps the greatest encouragement to induce fresh men to come forward would be the acquisition of a building with a rowing tank in the city, where, in the winter, members could practise and afterwards do a little with the gloves.

LEONARD WILLOUGHBY

[*The opinion of the Captain of this Club on the alleged decadence of Provincial Rowing will be found on page* 248.]



Some of the Workers and Officials of the Club

The Rugged Mountain Walls of France

THE ABBEY OF ST. MARTIN DU CANIGON, NEAR VERNET-LES-BAINS

One of the few places in Europe where bear shooting may still be had is the Pyrenees. The peaks are seared with ravines, which afford excellent shelter for the few remaining Bruin. Lying in the wildest portion of the Pyrenees, about two miles from Vernet-les-Bains, is the eleventh-century Abbey of St. Martin du Canigon, depicted above. It is 3,500ft. above the sea. Few towns in Europe are so romantically situated as Vernet

"THE DECADENCE OF PROVINCIAL ROWING"

MORE COMMENTS ON OUR ARTICLE BY LEADING AUTHORITIES

ROWING IN BORROWED BOATS

Mr. Hugh Irwin, Captain, Thames Rowing Club

I quite agree with the points raised in your article—and it is very true, in my mind, that other more leisurely sports are much more enticing to young men now than they used to be. Of course, there are several reasons for this, and one of the chief of them is the difficulty of boat carriage and cartage to various regattas. There are only one or two regattas now held on the Tyne; the principal regatta in the north-east is Durham regatta, and there all the Tyne and Wear clubs meet. Cartage is no serious matter from Newcastle to Durham, but two or three regattas during the summer are really not enough to keep clubs going. Some men do not care to trouble to train just for one or two regattas. They want more. I wanted more, and so did other members of the club. Consequently, our crew used to go to Berwick, York, Middlesbrough, etc., where we had to row in borrowed boats, which was most unsatisfactory and upsetting. Very often the boats did not suit us in the least, and most often they were in a bad state of repair. On the Thames we can at least take our own boat with us. Not so on the Tyne, and no rowing club is wealthy enough to pay what the railway companies demand for boat carriage. An effort might be made in that direction. The railway companies might be approached, and if they rendered it possible for boats to be taken at a reasonable charge from one place to another, I think they would be doing a good thing for provincial rowing.

Many provincial rowing clubs do not row coxswainless fours, and are, therefore, unable to enter at Henley or other Thames regattas. If a senior four-oared race (*with* coxswains) were introduced in some up-river regattas, provincial clubs might be induced to enter. The experiment might be worth while.

THE RAILWAY OCTOPUS

Mr. Robinson, Captain, York City Rowing Club

I think that in the last two or three years rowing among Yorkshire and north-country clubs has once again commenced a new lease of life. Clubs are increasing their membership list each year, and the men are becoming much keener, giving all their spare moments to this grand sport, and training strictly in order that they may become efficient enough to obtain a position in one of the representative crews.

Local regattas, too, are now receiving much better support than has been the case for some time past. Our club has in the last four years revived the York regatta, which at one time was a two days' fête, and was one of the best in the north. It certainly has been hard work, but each year we receive better entries for the events and much increased support from spectators. This has enabled us annually to raise the value of the prizes given with the challenge trophies.

The York City Rowing Club were wishful to obtain two "clinker eights"; funds, however, would not admit of this, so our honorary secretary proposed that a subscription list be opened to members, in order to raise the amount necessary. This received the very greatest support, and through the influence of E. G. Tew, Esq., the boats were in our boathouse five weeks after the proposition was made. Can you see slackness in this?

Our membership list numbers about seventy-five, and we often have forty men down about six o'clock on summer nights. Really, we are all very keen on the sport, and the only reason we do not attend a Thames regatta is owing to the great expense entailed in order to compete such a long distance from home.

You ask why it is that no provincial clubs now appear at Henley? I think you will find that the reason for this is that only very few clubs can afford to send a crew such a distance. The carriage on boat and crew's expenses would amount to such a large sum, that it is an impossibility for small clubs which are self-supporting, or practically so, to send representatives.

One great advantage to provincial clubs, if only the Amateur Rowing Association are successful in their present endeavours, would be the lowering of freight charges on boats, which are enormous and out of all proportion to other articles sent by rail.

In order to see country clubs once again at Henley, I think some race would have to be formed in which the boats would be provided by the committee; this would curtail a large proportion of the expense, and enable clubs to send representatives.

DECADENCE DUE TO GOLF AND MOTORING

Mr. J. Holloway, Capt., Bristol Ariel Rowing Club

There can be no doubt that the falling-off of rowing is largely due to golf and motoring. It is, unfortunately, the less strenuous forms of sport which appeal most to the modern man, and I am afraid that there is also a disinclination to submit to discipline. In golf, for example, there is no coach with his eyes on every stroke, insisting that you shall put in so many hours every evening, that you shall forswear "My Lady Nicotine" and keep regular hours and strict training. The usual reply that I get when I ask a man to take up rowing is, "No thanks, it's too much like hard work." Consequently, it falls on a few men who have been racing for years to turn out again and again to uphold the honour of their clubs.

I think that the London daily papers might help us to a large extent by giving longer and more interesting accounts of regattas. Every other sport gets a big headline in its turn, but, with the exception of Henley, the provincial and other Thames regattas are summed up briefly in the bottom corner of the page. Secondly, I should like to suggest that the Henley committee consider the advisability of including in their programme a race for provincial crews four-oars with coxswains. The reason many clubs with a good senior four never enter for Henley is that the races in the provinces are (I think, with the sole exception of Chester) in boats with coxswains, and it would mean buying a special boat for the one regatta, which few club finances would stand. Thirdly, would it be possible for more Public Schools to take up rowing?

YOUTH TO-DAY PREFERS THE PUNT CUSHIONS

Mr. A. B. Smith, Capt., Stratford-on-Avon Rowing Club

I am reluctantly compelled to say that the increase of pleasure boating shows a corresponding decrease in serious rowing, and that the cushions of a punt seem to have far more interest to the youths of the present day than the slide of a four or tub pair.

I should suggest, first of all, that the interest of all good schools situated on or near a river be obtained, so that such schools as Warwick, Stratford, Worcester, Gloucester, etc., be approached with the object of their being represented on the river by, say, a four. I know that a great many riverside schools already have their crews, but at the same time many more don't. I believe, too, that at most places a competent old oarsman could be found willing to act as coach.

I think it high time that old rowing men in the provinces came to realise that rowing is here threatened by a serious slump, if not in many places a complete disappearance, and that they rallied to the assistance of their old or the nearest club to do what they could to assist, and that all ladies interested should do all they could to prevail on their brothers or male friends to take up the oar as a serious pastime.

More Opinions Next Week

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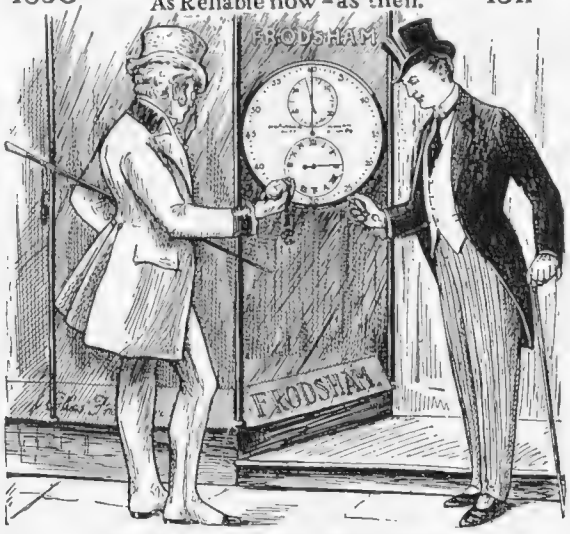

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GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

CONCERNING THE OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP REGULATIONS

I MUST for the moment suspend my comments on those leading competitors with whom I have not yet dealt in order to consider at once some remarks by the writer of the golf notes in the *Times* of July 4. I have the greatest possible regard for the authority of the writer, who takes very high rank indeed among writers on the game, but as, in my opinion, he has put forward a faulty scheme, I feel that no time should be lost in countering his opinions and pointing out where they are wrong. I am entirely at one with him in thinking that the present system must be changed. I objected strongly, at the time, to the inclusion of the qualifying rounds in the aggregate score, though that change had the recommendation of reducing the competition to three days. I also saw the force of the objection on the part of the competitors to playing six rounds as they used to do before the qualifying rounds counted. But it was patent to any critic that sooner or later either the weather conditions or the number of entries would render the scheme an unfair test.

What Shall We Do With Our Girls?
Village maidens as golf caddies on the Oberhof Links in the Thuringian Forest

The Old Order Changeth

It was the bloated entries that knocked the bottom out of the present system at Sandwich. The moment it was found impossible to play the Championship in two sections it also became impossible to arrange conditions on a basis fair to all competitors. For instance, it was found necessary at the end of the first day's play to cut fresh holes for the second day. Hence one section played their first round on holes slightly different in position from those played over by the first two sections on the previous day. To my mind the Committee acted for the best in a difficult situation, for, in spite of what many light-hearted observers and objectors said, it was obviously impossible to delay the whole competition on the second day while fresh holes were cut after the last couple of the third section had started their first round. Unless a considerable interval had been allowed the work of cutting the holes would have been scamped and hurried over, and then, indeed, there would have been an outcry.

Golf and Journalism

It is evident, therefore, that the present system must be changed, and so far I am in complete agreement with the *Times* writer. What is his remedy? I must quote his words. He says: "So far as one can see there is only one satisfactory way out of the difficulty—the institution of a series of qualifying competitions to be held in different parts of the country. It is a system that has answered very well in the *News of the World* Tournament, and there seems to be no ostensible reason why it should not be equally applicable to the Championship." In the words of a famous slashing critic of the old school as applied to a famous poem: "This will never do." With all due respect to the *News of the World* Tournament, there is no comparison possible in point of importance between it and the Open Championship. A system which works quite well for the former is quite inadequate and unfair for *the greatest* golfing competition in the world. By no possible means could any system be devised by which the various sections throughout the country could be put on an equal footing. A moment's reflection will show this to anyone who goes into the matter.

The School of Emulation

But there is one fatal objection. The Championship, under whatever system it may be played, must begin and end on the Championship course of the year. The competitors must all be tested on the one course. No other system would have the remotest element of fairness in it. Then, too, young players and budding champions must be given the opportunity of rubbing shoulders with their superiors and of seeing the great men playing, and of thus improving their own play in that best of all schools, the school of imitation and emulation. It only occurs once in six years on each course, and surely members of a Championship club do not grudge the time given up once in six years for ten days when they have the opportunity of watching the finest players in the world putting up the best game within their powers. No, if any change is to be made which shall adhere to the lines of the present system, then let us cease to count the qualifying rounds except as a means of qualification and reduce the Championship rounds from four to two. This will make the conditions fairer for all players than any other system, except, of course, a final test by match-play, which may yet be found the best of all methods.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

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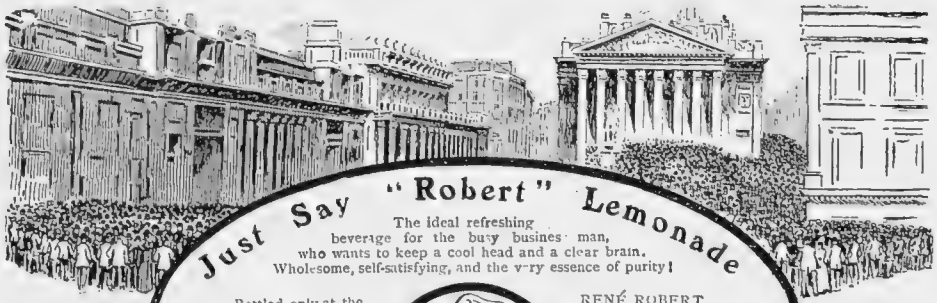

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RACING: The Brighton Cup. BY CARBINE

Frank Wootton's Future

This jockey's brilliant work was a feature of last week's racing. He always rides well, of course, but at Goodwood he was just in the right vein for winning, and his eleven successes carried him a long way ahead on the list of successful jockeys. I thought he rode a superlatively grand finish on Spanish Prince, whose victory over Sunder and Mushroom was one of the most memorable incidents of the meeting. All this makes one regret the fact that we shall not see Wootton much longer. Increasing weight is bothering him a great deal, and as the lad is still growing, he may soon become too heavy for riding.

A Delightful Goodwood

Taking Goodwood all round, I cannot recall a more delightful meeting. Every day we had weather of the most glorious description, and the crowds were exceptionally large. It was, in brief, an ideal gathering, for in addition to the pleasant conditions under which it was held, the racing was exceedingly interesting. Between bookmakers and public the honours were fairly evenly divided, for while two tremendous outsiders got home in the Stewards' Cup and the Goodwood Plate, a good many favourites were successful in the smaller races. The hero of the meeting was old Dean Swift, and it did one good to hear the rousing cheers that went up when it was seen that the gallant veteran had beaten Decision. He is now to be turned out of training after a long and honourable career on the racecourse.

This Week's Meeting

After the glories of Goodwood, the racing at Brighton and Lewes savours of the holiday season, and the most interesting event of the week is the opening of the Blackpool meeting. I have seen the new stands and walked over the course at Clifton Park, and it seems to me that if summer steeplechasing can be made to pay in this country, Blackpool is the right spot for it. The turf is practically on the sand, and you could not find better "going" in dry weather. We have the prospect of a capital race for the Brighton Cup on Wednesday, such good horses as Hornet's Beauty, Pietri, Bannockburn, and St. Girons being engaged. In spite of his recent failure at Ostend, I shall expect the success of **Hornet's Beauty**. On the following day the Brighton Handicap may be won by **Diamond Stud**. At Lewes on Friday **Bullfinch** may secure the Astley Stakes, and on the second day **Anchora** is my selection for the Lewes Handicap. In the north, **Sporty** may win the Haydock Plate on Saturday.

Racing on the Solent

Excellent services are maintained throughout the Cowes week by the London and South Western Railway from Waterloo, fast and luxurious expresses being arranged to leave London at convenient times for those wishing to view the races on the Solent Cowes makes more than appeal to the sportsman alone, for the wonderful colouring of the Solent at this season of the year is sufficient to attract the artist and those in search of colour-impressions, as well as the mere pleasure-seeker and tourist.

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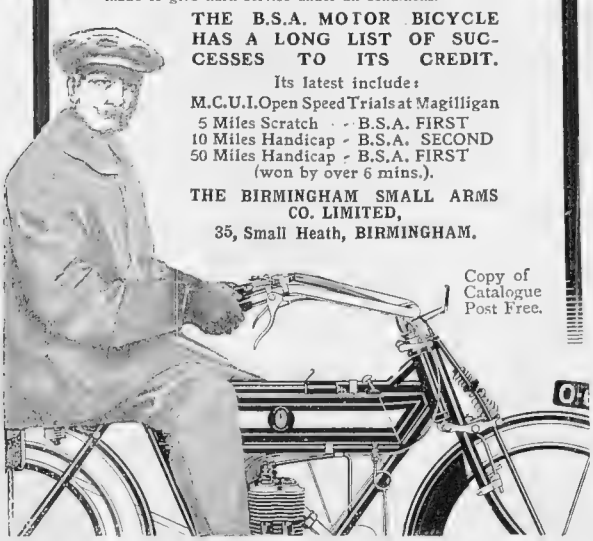

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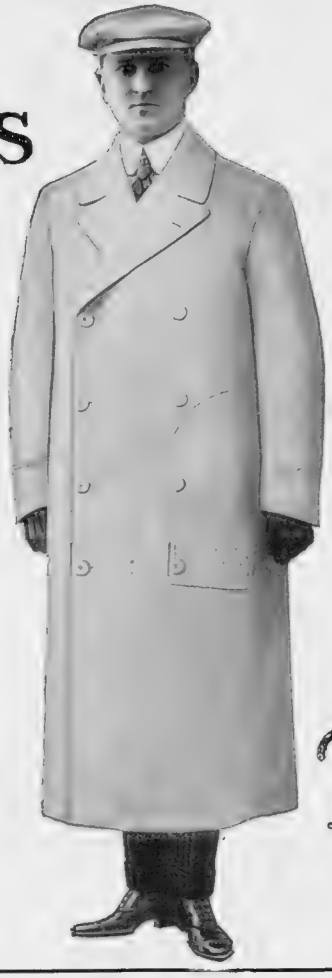

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WEEK-END TICKETS issued on Friday and Saturday, August 4 and 5, will be valid for return on Wednesday, August 9; and Saturday to Monday tickets issued on August 5 will be available up to Tuesday, August 8.

For full details see special pamphlet, obtainable at the Company's Stations and Offices, or post free from Enquiry Office, Paddington Station, W.

JAMES C. INGLIS, *General Manager.*

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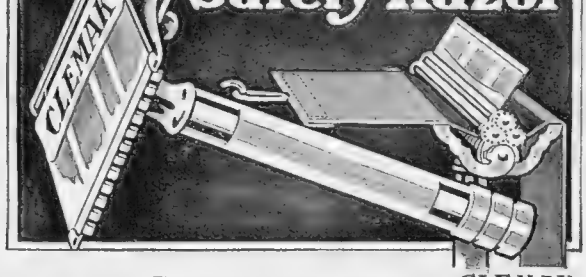

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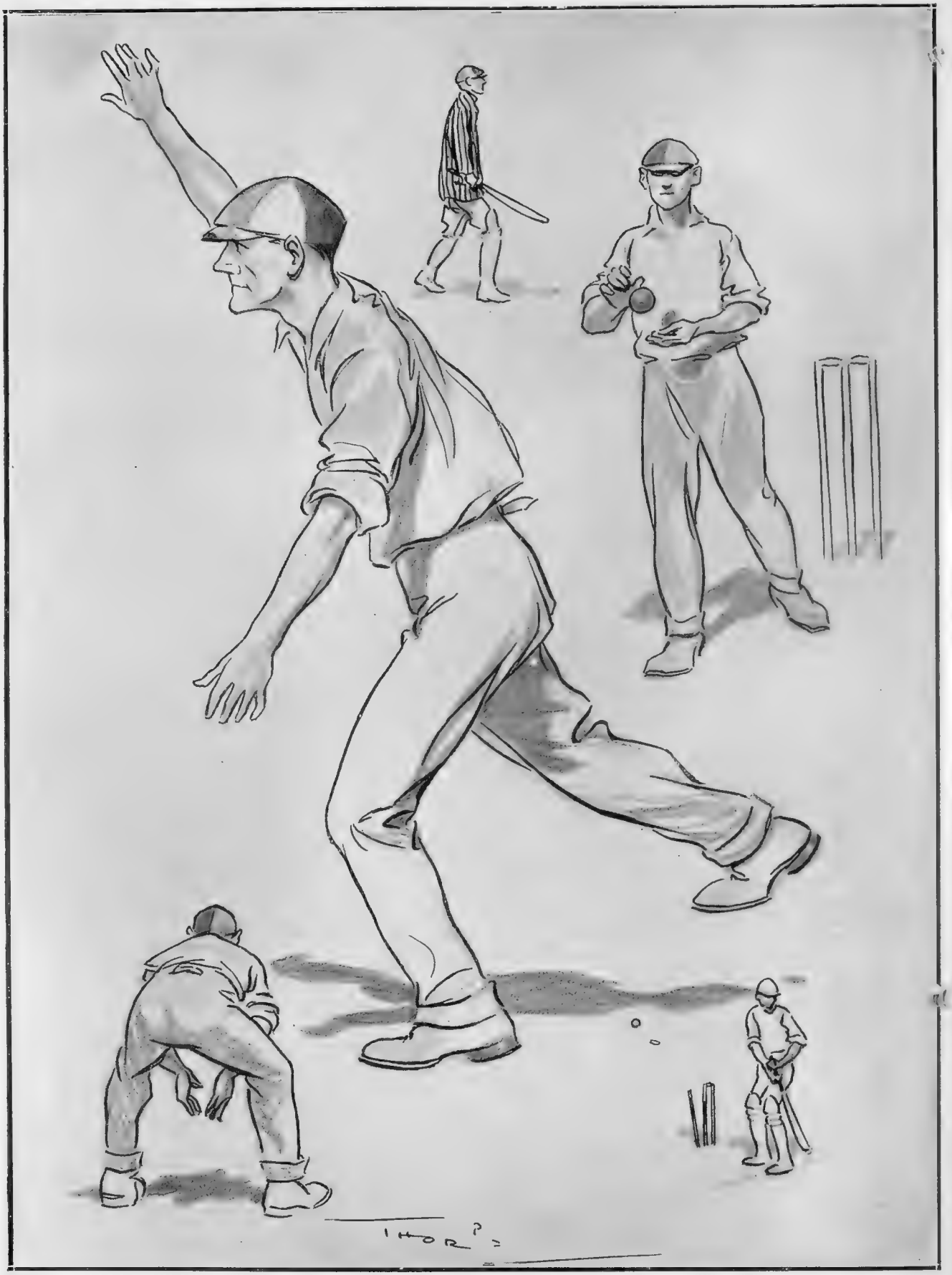

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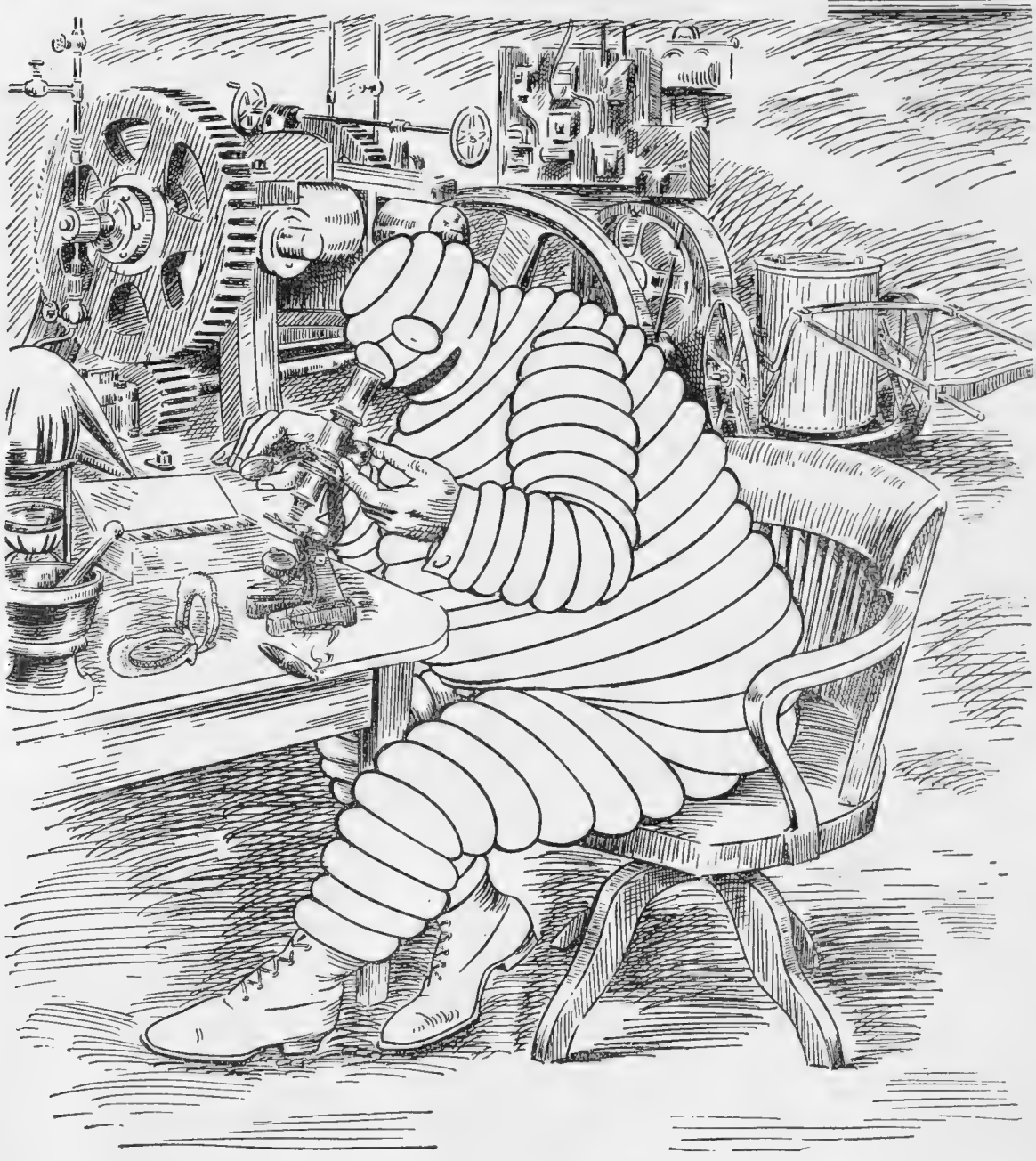


The End of a Great Race

Bringing in Vedrines' Borel-Morane Monoplane at Brooklands after the great aerial race around Great Britain, won by "Beaumont." The race resolved itself in a splendidly fought-out duel between Beaumont and Vedrines, and will stand as one of the best examples of "flying with the head" in the annals of aviation

MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

An Inglorious Grand Prix

Not being a bird of the historic Boyle-Roche variety, I had to choose between Brooklands and Dieppe. For the same reason, and perhaps one or two others which do not matter, I decided for Dieppe and the "Grand Prix," and against Brooklands and the *Daily Mail* "birdmen." As it happened, there was little wisdom in the choice; but there was such an air of mystery wrapped about the "Grand Prix" over the Sarthe Club's circuit, and such a lack of it at Brooklands, that the French road-race gave at least the promise of surprise—a promise that came to full realisation, although it was not the surprise one expected. In short, and not to put too fine a point to it, this "Grand Prix" was a frost entirely lacking in grandeur; it was only held as a result of desperate scratching for entrants up to the eve of the event; it could only then muster fourteen starters of singularly unequal machines; and only one of these, a big F.I.A.T. driven by Hemery, actually finished the course of just over 400 miles, although a tiny Bugatti, a Cote, and a Rolland-Pilain were still running when the race was officially stopped, the Bugatti being declared second.

Some Incidents

The race was run under terribly torrid conditions. Some of the drivers were obviously stricken stupid, and reeled their machines around the course in the teeth of imminent catastrophe. The run upon tyres, due, of course, to the great heat, was abnormal. Engines boiled despite all the shifts of the drivers. Three rounds (100 miles) wiped out seven of the fourteen starters for various reasons—overheating, defective steering, and, in the case of Fanquet's Rolland-Pilain, overturning, fortunately without injury to the driver. Near to half-distance came final calamity to poor Maurice Fournier, the front axle of his Licorne collapsing. The car threw itself violently into a ditch, killing Fournier on the instant, and injuring the mechanic so severely that he also died later in the day. Thereafter, I am afraid, what little interest was in the race petered out, except for the concern with the little Bugatti, which, although finishing second, may properly be acclaimed the success of the day. Barring accidents it could not hope to win from the cars of monstrous power pitted against it, but it could, and did, give a splendid display of consistent running under conditions which were just crippling the big fellows.

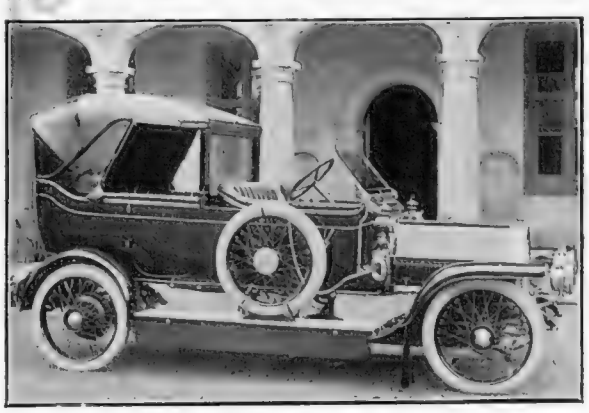
—And a "Lesson" or Two

Lessons of the Grand Prix? Don't race at 102 degrees in the shade. That way lies much silliness, more sunstroke, and a rich harvest for the tyre-makers. (In the streets of Paris during the hottest days the pneumatic tyres on the horse-taxis were exploding most successfully. So were the drivers afterwards!) Don't fail to observe that a small four-cylinder, 65 by 110 bore and stroke, finished its 402 miles in 7hr. 57min. 5sec., while 185 by 160, 110 by 165, and other large four-cylinders either did not finish at all, or were after the Bugatti—something of a further testimony, I imagine, to the small car. Don't conclude because this Grand Prix was rather a dismal failure that road-racing is done in France. It will only be done differently. The reason this race was so empty had to do with certain trade antagonisms with which we have no concern. The spirit of motor sport is not dead in France. That is one of the first "lessons" of the Grand Prix; and another, on the mechanical side, may be found in the collapse of Fournier's front axle. The tendency often enough is to work these absurdly fine. I have seen the front axle of one of the most successful of British cars snap like a rotten twig under the impact of a very slight collision. There are several makes of vehicle on our market against which the same complaint may be urged. The objection is

not to lightness as such. I stand firm upon the advantages of small weight given the essential strength of design and construction. The objection is against neglect to make provision for possible contingencies, because they are not normal. It seems absurd that such a point should arise at this time of day, but it does arise.

A Fighting Flight

At the moment of writing, a day after Beaumont and Vedrines finished their course, there are, scattered around various parts of Great Britain, a number of aeroplanes and some men. Many of the aeroplanes are in pieces, and the nearest man is 500 miles from the finish, according to the morning papers. But he, and one or two more, are coming on, and doubtless they will finally arrive. Because they are mostly of the British contingent, and they are dogged, and it is "dogged as does it"—sooner or later. In the case of this £10,000 competition, as of the previous competition, it is much later than sooner. For which cause the race resolved itself into a duel from Hendon to the finish between two men, both French and both on French monoplanes—Beaumont on a Blériot and Vedrines on a Borel-Morane. Of the other seventeen who essayed the start there is little to be said at the moment, not because their performances were unworthy or less plucky, but because the two Frenchmen have eclipsed everything else. It was not necessarily the finest flight either had achieved, but it was doubtless the finest fight. It stirred the imagination to coloured fancy, it wrought enthusiasm to a great pitch, and if at the end men did silly things in their excitement let us—think of the precedent of the House of Commons. It was gloriously done, this race, and the credit is shared between the two men in about equal measure, although, unfortunately, the prize is not.



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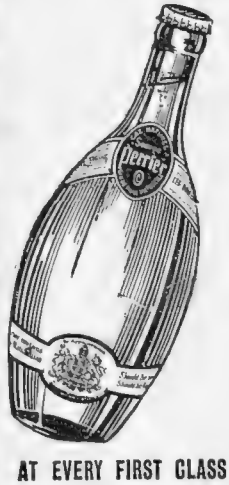

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Wonderful Toilet Preparation which Never Fails to Vastly Improve and Beautify Your Hair within a Few Days.

CORONATION VISITORS ASTONISHED AT THE GLOSSY AND ABUNDANT HAIR OF BRITISH MEN & WOMEN.

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If not, you have the opportunity of trying it now.

It only takes you 2 minutes a day—2 minutes that you can easily spare either first thing in the morning or last thing before going to bed at night.

And the improvement it effects in the appearance and health of your hair is simply marvellous—there is no other word for it.

Discovered by Eminent Court Specialist.

The "Harlene" Cure for Hair-Poverty is the discovery of Mr. Edwards, the great Specialist who has done more to improve the hair of the British people than any other living man.

In order to make widely known the wonderful merits of his twin Toilet Preparations—*Harlene for the Hair* and the *Cremex Shampoo Powders*—Mr. Edwards, during the past three years, has distributed millions of Free Outfits (containing the above two preparations) amongst the people of this country.

Foreign Visitors Astonished at Improvement in Nation's Hair.

Listen to the comments of some of the foreign visitors who are in this country at the present time.

Their remarks are a wonderful testimony to the merits of the "Harlene Cure" for Baldness and Hair-Poverty.

These visitors from abroad are astonished at the great improvement in the nation's looks that has taken place since the general adoption of "Harlene Hair-Drill" as part of the regular Toilet-Practice of British men and women.

To what is this perfection of Englishwomen's hair due?

Simply to the fact that, following the example of Royalty, all the leaders of London Society—women and men alike—cultivate their hair for 2 minutes every day, according to the Toilet Rules of "Hair Drill," which accompany every bottle of "Harlene for the Hair" and every packet of the "Cremex" Shampoo Powder.

"Use this for seven days, and see how your hair will improve." These words were used by Mr. Edwards, the greatest specialist on the hair in the world, in describing the contents of the wonderful Toilet Outfit he is presenting as a free gift this week to everyone who writes to him for it.

Cures all forms of Hair and Scalp Trouble.

All forms of Hair-Poverty yield to the "Harlene Cure." No matter how long your hair has been weak in growth or faded in colour, no matter how many other treatments you have tried in vain; the combined action of "Harlene" and "Cremex" will cure the trouble, and make your hair healthy, beautiful, vigorous, and strong.

Even total baldness of long standing is cured by this method (which you can try to-day) when everything else has failed.

Are you troubled with any of these disorders or weaknesses yourself?

Or are you in any way dissatisfied with the present condition of your hair?

What Mr. Edwards says to You.

Below there is printed a coupon. That coupon entitles you to a week's course of "Harlene Hair-Drill" in your own home, and at your own time free of charge. Cut it out, fill it up, and send it to me. Then by return of post I will send you free of cost a complete Toilet Outfit for a seven days' course of "Harlene Hair-Drill," including:

1. A large trial bottle of the great dressing and Hair Tonic, "*Harlene for the Hair.*"
2. A large packet of the non-inflammable, non-injurious *Cremex Shampoo Powder* for the scalp.
3. My privately prepared book, containing full directions and secret rules for practising the Royal Hair-Drill Method of Hair Culture for two or three minutes every day for a week.

All this I give you free. But as I intend to send a similar Free Toilet Outfit to 999,999 other readers of this announcement, I must just ask you to pay the postage of the package to your address. This postage only amounts to 3*d.*, and by sending this you will make certain of receiving all the above Toilet Necessaries for making and keeping your hair beautiful, glossy, luxuriant, and healthy.

These Results will Quickly Follow.

Your hair will stop falling out.

New hair will grow over the thin places.

The colour and gloss will return to grey and faded hair.

Scurf and Dandruff will disappear.

Irritation of the Scalp will no longer be felt.

And all over your now rapidly growing hair there will spread that soft, glowing radiance and silken lustre which is Nature's unfailing sign of the increased vitality and renewed health that has come to your hair as the result of the daily practice of "Harlene Hair-Drill," the tonic action of "Harlene" itself, and the cleansing power of "Cremex" Shampoo for the Scalp.

All high-class chemists and stores supply both "Harlene" and "Cremex."

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The Bystander, 2/8/1911.

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 400.—Vol. XXXI. Wednesday, August 2, 1911 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

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with oak staircase, 2 sitting rooms, 3 principal bedrooms, bathroom, and 3 servants' rooms.

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OLD-WORLD GROUNDS

of a most wonderful nature, with tennis and croquet lawns, rosary, pergolas, old Dutch garden, etc., in all about 4 acres.

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THE BEAUTY AND CHARACTER OF THIS PLACE CANNOT BE DESCRIBED

in so small a space, but a series of photos, at the offices of the Agents, will give some idea of this charming week-end cottage.—Inspected and highly recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

NEAR SEVERAL GOLF COURSES.

ONLY 1½ MILES FROM THE RIVER THAMES.

Costly fitments and decorations. Electric light available. Main drainage. Coachman's cottage.

SURBITON.—"PRESTON ST. MARY," in elevated position in the best part of the district. Choice and commodious FREEHOLD FAMILY RESIDENCE, approached by a double carriage drive.

Lounge hall. Three elegant reception rooms. Fine billiard room. Conservatory. Two bathrooms. Servants' hall.

9 bed and dressing rooms, 2 staircases. Stabling for 3. Spacious garage.

VERY BEAUTIFUL PLEASURE GROUNDS,

broad terrace walk with stone balustrading, tennis and croquet lawns, rosary, flower gardens, fruit and vegetable garden, glasshouses, etc., in all over 1¼ acres. More land adjoining can be purchased. For SALE, by AUCTION, on September 26, unless previously disposed of privately.—Details of Sole Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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70 MINUTES OF LONDON.—Unfurnished. Genuine old-fashioned RESIDENCE, built of Kentish rag-stone, occupying an extremely healthy position, approached by a carriage drive, and commanding

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Large lounge hall, 3 well-equipped reception rooms, servants' hall, and complete offices, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, National Telephone. Gas laid on. Capital stabling for 4, 2 coach-houses, 3 living rooms, etc. Exceedingly pretty grounds, beautifully timbered; tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen garden, greenhouses, forcing pits, in all 4 ACRES. More land could be rented if desired. RENT ONLY £160 PER ANNUM.—Inspected and recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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THE PENTRE.

PENYWORLOD.

including "The Pentre," a charming Country Residence, in good order, occupying a fine site, 300ft. above sea level, on the borders of Abergavenny, and containing: 4 reception rooms, 14 bed and dressing rooms, and bathrooms; excellent stabling; lodge entrance; beautiful gardens and well-timbered park.

VALUABLE AGRICULTURAL PROPERTY. The principal Holdings being

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Lamb and Flag Inn	18	Govilon Mill	5¾	Croes Hywell Farm	52¼
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Penyworlod House and Land	63	Red House Farm	43		

The fully licensed premises, The Lamb and Flag Inn and the Plough Inn. Also Govilon Mill and House. Numerous cottages and accommodation land. PENYWORLOD HOUSE, a capital old-fashioned Country Residence, with 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing and bathrooms; and good stabling; and about 2 MILES OF SALMON AND TROUT FISHING in the River Usk; the whole extending to about 1,000 ACRES. Producing a rental (partly estimated) of about £1,900 per annum. To be OFFERED IN LOTS, on Sept. 20 next, at the Angel Hotel, Abergavenny.—Solicitors, Messrs. GABB and WALFORD, Abergavenny; Auctioneers, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W.; New York, Winnipeg, and Sydney.

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300FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

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WITHIN 1 MILE OF GOLF COURSE.

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700FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

THIS CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE will be SOLD, or LET, Unfurnished, on Lease. It is approached by carriage drive with lodge entrance, and contains: entrance hall and inner hall (40ft. by 20ft.), 3 other spacious reception rooms, 17 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms; ample stabling at a convenient distance from the Residence; gardener's cottage; beautiful old pleasure grounds, 2 tennis and croquet lawns, large kitchen garden, in all 15 ACRES; electric light throughout; Company's water, telephone, modern drainage; gravel and sand soil; additional land up to 90 acres by arrangement.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,536)

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IN A BEAUTIFUL DISTRICT, about 600ft. above sea level.

TO BE SOLD, the above well-built RESIDENCE, situated amidst well-timbered surroundings; it is approached by a long carriage drive, through a beautiful wood, with lodge entrance. It contains: outer and inner halls, 4 spacious reception rooms, boudoir, 14 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and usual domestic offices; the well-timbered grounds include full-sized tennis and croquet lawns, walled kitchen garden, glasshouses, and small bungalow; stabling for 4, with coach-house; 3 rooms for men.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (21,364)

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DERBYSHIRE (near CHATSWORTH; 900ft. above sea, with magnificent views).—3,000 guineas will PURCHASE the above quaint old IVY-CLAD HOUSE, containing: billiard room, 3 reception rooms, lounge hall, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 4, accommodation for 4 motors, farmery, coachman's cottage; well-timbered grounds with curious old gardens, large lawns, kitchen gardens, and paddocks, in all 8 ACRES.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (25,310)

SUSSEX AND SURREY BORDERS (between Horley and Three Bridges).—To be SOLD or LET, Unfurnished, capital modern HOUSE, 350ft. above sea, commanding extensive views: 8 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), 3 reception rooms, and offices; stabling for 2; matured grounds, tennis lawn, kitchen garden, and conservatory; Company's water, modern drainage; shooting, hunting, golf.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (25,305)

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6 OR 14 ACRES

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LOVELIEST PART OF BERKS, and within easy reach of Reading and Newbury.—To be SOLD, at a very moderate price, a delightful Freehold PROPERTY, including the above-depicted Residence, containing: 9 bedrooms, bathroom, hall, 3 reception rooms, etc. *Great yew hedges, grand old herbaceous borders, pergolas,* etc., adorn the gardens, and in all the Property covers about 3½ acres.—*Inspected and very highly recommended by the Sole Agents,* WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount St., London, W., and at Yeovil.

SOUTH DEVON.—Grand position overlooking Salcombe Harbour.

TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED OR FURNISHED, for short or long period, the above charmingly situated and picturesque HOUSE, standing amidst its finely timbered grounds, and containing: 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, and complete offices; stabling for 4. Moderate Rent.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W., and at Yeovil.

CHARMING OLD JACOBEAN HOUSE WITH ABOUT

6 ACRES OF DELIGHTFUL GROUNDS.

WILTS (in the best part, 1½ miles from Station, with fast trains to London in under 2 hours). —£96 PER ANNUM, UNFURNISHED, is asked for a singularly attractive and genuine old HOUSE, standing 250ft. above sea level on sand soil, and containing: 10-11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 4 reception rooms; stabling for 5; garage; 2 cottages; beautiful old grounds of 6 acres,

INTERSECTED BY SMALL TROUT STREAM.

Hunting and shooting. Small premium.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W., and at Yeovil.

THE MOST CHARMING PROPERTY OF ITS SIZE IN THE COUNTY.

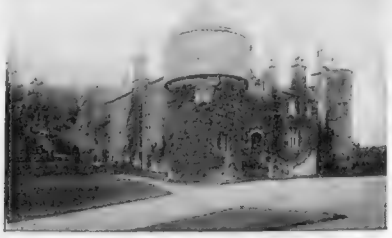
Superb South Aspect. Grand Views. Golf. Hunting. Shooting. Fishing.

SOMERSET.—To be SOLD, a really beautiful FREEHOLD ESTATE of about 14½ acres, including the above-depicted *delightful old-fashioned Residence,* perfectly secluded in grandly matured and shady gardens, and further *surrounded by magnificently timbered parklands.* Accommodation: 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, hall, 4 reception rooms, etc.; good stabling; capital lodge. Short distance from station and pretty old small town. *Illustrated particulars* can be obtained from the Sole Agents, Messrs. BENNETT, PICTOR and Co., Bruton; and WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.; and at Yeovil.

HEREFORDSHIRE.—One of the most charming parts of the West of England

1,200 ACRES SHOOTING.

2 MILES EXCELLENT TROUT FISHING.



£275 PER ANNUM, UNFURNISHED—The above interesting OLD THIRTEENTH-CENTURY CASTLE, stone-built of most picturesque elevation, with interior brought quite up to date with acetylene gas; heating by radiators; ample water supply; modern drainage: 18 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 5 reception rooms; stabling, garage; delightful old gardens and grassland of about 50 acres; high position.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, and at Yeovil.

CHARMING OLD-WORLD HOUSE AND GARDEN.

HANTS.—In the favourite Andover neighbourhood, 1 mile from a station.

£1,500, FREEHOLD.—The above delightful PROPERTY, in a high and bracing situation, about 300ft. above sea level: 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, hall, 3 reception rooms, good offices; stabling for 6; well-timbered gardens, with lawns, walled kitchen garden, flower gardens, pergola, paddock, etc., in all about 3 acres; 2 cottages.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W., and at Yeovil.

A BARGAIN IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

In a beautiful part, 350ft. above sea level, 1¼ hours from London. 2½ miles from station.

£2,900, FREEHOLD.—A DELIGHTFUL AND PICTURESQUE OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE, well away from road, approached by carriage drive: 3 reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms; stabling of 4 loose boxes; 2 cottages; the grounds are finely timbered and include tennis lawns, ornamental pond, kitchen garden, orchard, paddock, in all nearly 5 acres.—Sole Agents, Messrs. WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Square, W.

OWNER GOING ABROAD

NO REASONABLE OFFER REFUSED.

4,000 ACRES SHOOTING, TROUT FISHING.

SCOTLAND, about midway between Edinburgh and Carlisle, in a very picturesque district.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, for a term of years, or would be LET by the year or month, the above charming RESIDENCE, standing 600ft. above sea level in beautifully timbered grounds and park: 5 reception and billiard rooms, grand hall, about 20 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and complete offices; stabling for 5 horses; laundry, coachman's and keeper's cottages. The shooting over 4,000 acres includes some 200 acres of capital covert, and yields a good mixed bag of grouse, black game, pheasants, partridges, hares, and rabbits; excellent trout fishing in 2 streams intersecting the Estate.—Full details of Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

"SHREWTON HOUSE," SHREWTON, WILTS.

In a bracing situation about 12 miles from Salisbury, 7 miles from Lavington and Wishford Stations (G.W.Ry.), and 7 miles from Amesbury (L.S.W.Ry.)

£125 PER ANNUM, UNFURNISHED.—An attractive old-fashioned HOUSE, in first-rate order throughout, and standing about ¼ mile back from the road, 'midst parklike surroundings. Accommodation: 3 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, excellent domestic offices; stabling for 5; garage, 2 cottages; good water supply; well-timbered gardens with 2 tennis courts, 2 kitchen gardens, surrounded by park with 9-hole golf links.

SHOOTING OVER ABOUT 1,500 ACRES can be had if desired.—Sole Agents, Messrs. RAWLENCE and SQUAREY, Salisbury, and Messrs. WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, W., and at Yeovil.

AT A SACRIFICIAL PRICE.

YORKSHIRE, in the best part, grandly situated, overlooking the Moors. For private occupation, religious institute, sanatorium, school, etc.

£5,000 WILL PROBABLY BE ACCEPTED for a well-known MANSION and about 25 acres of beautiful grounds. Accommodation: entrance hall, 5 reception rooms, ample offices, 25 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; gas, heating by hot-water pipes; stabling for 9; cottages. The whole Estate, about 750 acres, would be SOLD. —Full details of WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, W.

A BARGAIN.

BUCKS.—The most beautiful part of the county and within easy reach of London. Splendidly appointed RESIDENCE, with 14 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, billiard room, 4 reception rooms, etc.; electric light, gravel soil, lovely old gardens, 2 cottages; stabling and garage. About 10 acres in all. FREEHOLD for Sale at a low figure.—Inspected and highly recommended by the Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

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FULL OF OLD OAK BEAMS AND PANELLING.
NO FINER VIEWS IN SUSSEX.

ON THE SURREY BORDER (400ft. above sea level).—Quaint hall, 4 handsome reception, bath, 9 bedrooms; Sussex stone roof, open fireplaces, winding carriage drive

BEAUTIFUL OLD-WORLD PLEASURE GROUNDS,

heavily timbered; wide-spreading lawns, flower beds, ornamental water, orchards, wood, and

PARKLANDS OF 50 ACRES.

Excellent stabling; motor garage. Tempting price.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

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PRICE, 10,000 GUINEAS (open to offer).

—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

PRICE, ONLY £1,100, with 26 ACRES.
QUAINT OLD JACOBEAN RESIDENCE, FULL OF OAK.

COLCHESTER (near).—3 reception, 5 bedrooms, charming grounds: stabling; farmery and well-watered pasture-land.—Sole Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

BARGAIN PRICE FOR IMMEDIATE SALE.
OWNER GOING ABROAD.

WEST OF ENGLAND. — Charming Old-Fashioned stone-built RESIDENCE, midst beautiful country: 6 bedrooms, bath, 2 reception, lounge hall; stabling for 4; picturesque well-laid-out grounds, woodlands, meadow-lands, etc., farmery, in all about 30 ACRES.

MAGNIFICENT LAND AND SEA VIEWS.

Price, Freehold, £2,600. Personally inspected and strongly recommended. Series of photos.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

BERKS (near Wokingham).—An attractive little COUNTRY RESIDENCE for SALE: 5 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms; well laid-out gardens with well-stocked kitchen garden, woodlands, arable, and 9 acres pasture-land, in all

11 ACRES.

Stabling for 2; excellent water supply; shooting and hunting in district. Price, £2,300.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

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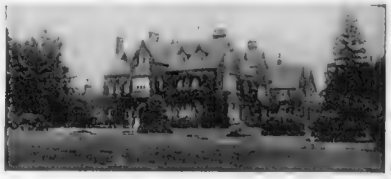
HANTS.—The above charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE, in excellent order and repair, with well-matured and exceptionally attractive pleasure grounds, pasture, and woodlands,

14 ACRES.

10 bedrooms, bath, lounge hall, and 3 reception rooms; stabling and motor garage; telephone, gas; close to

2 FIRST-CLASS GOLF LINKS.

Price, Freehold, £5,000.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.



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BEAUTIFUL PLEASURE GROUNDS AND PARKLANDS OF 175 ACRES.

Entrance lodge; several cottages; stabling; garage.

3 FARMSTEADS.

GOLF, HUNTING, AND POLO.

Mansion and park of 50 ACRES would be Sold separately if desired.—Plans, photos, and lowest terms of the Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

A NOTORIOUSLY BEAUTIFUL PROPERTY IN THE FAVOURITE BASINGSTOKE DISTRICT.

AN ELEGANT FAMILY RESIDENCE.—Beautiful lounge hall with gallery, 3 reception, bath, 13 bedrooms; pretty lodge, excellent stabling, garage.

EXQUISITE PLEASURE GROUNDS,

pretty lakes and parklands of 50 ACRES, high up, gravel soil; golf, good shooting.

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CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE.—11 bed and dressing rooms, billiard, 2 bath, and 3 handsome reception rooms; capital stabling for 7; 4 cottages.

BEAUTIFULLY SECLUDED GROUNDS.

For Sale with 9 or 17 ACRES. Moderate price.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

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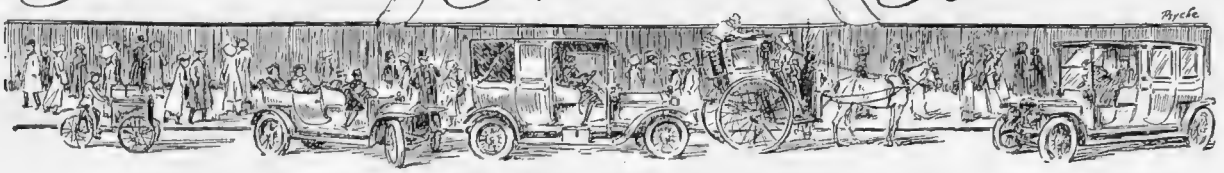


By MRS. JACK MAY

COWES AND THE YACHTSWOMAN

TO some of us the social vista is entirely absorbed by visions of Cowes. Others, again, are not in the least interested in that aquatic entertainment, and are preparing to betake themselves speedily away to "cures" for the ills they largely bring upon themselves. In either case, however, a readjustment of the wardrobe is called for.

To the outdoor woman and girl Cowes provides a rare opportunity. The yachtswoman at her best is essentially traditional in her attire. She gives Madame *La Mode* the go-by, an attitude that is essentially necessitated by the fashions of the hour. Filmy little frocks of *ninon* and such-like give way before the superior attractions of navy and cream serge, suits of duck or *piqué*, while the warm knockabout wrap forms an important part of the scheme.

It is the particular prerogative of our country-woman to wear such attire with perfect *éclat*, and our English *tailleurs des dames* are alone capable of attaining this. In its way, there is nothing more costly than the absolutely plain coat and skirt of superfine navy suiting, and I have in my mind, as I write, the name of one of these exclusive tailors, who graciously bestowed on me the privilege of viewing a number of these immaculate productions, modelled on lines that have done successful duty for years. The coats, for example, were all emphatically semi-fitting, full recognition being accorded the normal waist-line, and with no braid or button to detract from the perfection of outline.

For hotel wear, when long corridors have to be negotiated to the bathroom, a dainty "negligée," slipped over a "robe de nuit," is suggested above. The material is of haircord muslin, trimmed muslin embroidery
(Sketched by Dorothy Millar)

The Services of the Sweater

For the practical yachtswoman, I would suggest a workmanlike attire comprising a skirt of rough white serge and sweater of cream wool. The latter is considerably enhanced by a collar of white silk, with an under-collar and tie of striped blue silk. As may be gathered from the picture, this is an adjustable adjunct, and could be easily disposed of if the weather became stormy, and oilskins resorted to. Apropos of which, the hat accompanying our yachting dress is a small panama, a genuine unblocked quality, which, with its slight resemblance to a "Sou'wester," falls very harmoniously into the scheme. Of course, a sweater is not for every figure; but given any sort of a chance it is a singularly happy possession for any sort of sport; and makes a pleasant change from the knitted coat. This, by the way, promises to be as ubiquitous as ever, the elect favouring silk rather than wool; although my personal experience is that the latter is infinitely the lighter of the two, and, consequently, preferable for summer wear.

For winter sports, however, the silk-knitted coat is ideal. It clings closely to the figure, and the weight adds to the warmth. But from yachting to ski-ing is a long step.

The Cool Suggestiveness of Beige Colour

What a season for white gowns it has been with the many; and one is glad to see the admirable use made of the less expensive *lingerie* robe, albeit the favour of the populace has rather tended to diminish the approval of the *vraie élégante*. The argument that everybody wears white in India scarcely bears on our case. They have no plagiarising servant-class out there to ape the mistress, and several other influences are responsible for lowering the standard of the white-embroidered lawn, except in its most costly and elaborate expression.

But quietly and insidiously creeping to the fore is

a very delicate *beige* or pale biscuit. Our menkind have accorded it marked patronage in a light woven woollen or homespun cloth, coats and vests with a pair of white duck nether garments comprising as cool and pleasant summer attire as anyone would wish to see. And now *couturières* and *modistes* responsible for our garbing are falling in the wake of their *confrère*, the man's tailor. A *beige* linen is charming, with collar and cuffs of fancy black and white striped *ninon*.

Expert Dry Cleaning

Summer weather, with its brilliant sunshine, makes dry cleaning more than ever a matter of importance, and dresses, etc., which a few years ago would have been consigned to the washtub when soiled, and possibly ruined thereafter, may be, through the medium of Messrs. Clark's advanced processes, dry-cleaned and made equal to new. For one advantage of dealing with this firm is that one always knows the cost of having a dress dry-cleaned, and there is no running-up of unexpected bills. Only one price prevails, the very moderate one of 4*s*. No matter how costly or elaborately made-up the garment may be, this is never increased, and the most successful results are obtained with all kinds of summer materials, voiles, muslins, linens, and also with flannel suits, silks, shantungs, etc. Messrs. Clark and Co. also specialise in the cleaning and dyeing of feather boas, sunshades, chintzes, cretonnes, carpets, and every kind of household goods, and as their extensive works are fitted with every possible up-to-date appliance, the best results are obtained at the lowest prices. A price-list will be forwarded to any reader mentioning this journal.

The New Note in Cottage Furniture

IT is some years since Society took to leaving their palaces in Park Lane and their mansions on the Scottish moors for rural simplicity in a country cottage. And to-day princes and peers vie with each other in the purchase of charmingly situated cottages to spend quiet days and week-ends. It has been our pleasure to glance through the fine collection of cottage furniture displayed by Messrs. Heal, of Tottenham Court Road. Their designs display the perfection of simplicity and good taste. Their idea is that the good plain farmhouse furniture of the eighteenth century is preferable to any other design for the country cottage. There may be some who will argue that the designs err on the side of excessive plainness; and to this the answer is that economy has been studied everywhere, except at the expense of sound construction. The furniture at Messrs. Heal's showrooms seems to be the last word in elegance and economy for the furnishing of the country cottage.

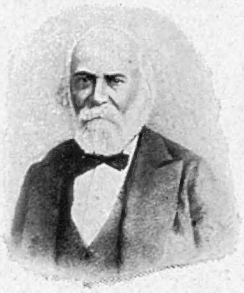
There is a simple dignity in the farmhouse furniture of the eighteenth century which is admirably realised in the above illustrations from Messrs. Heal's catalogue

NEW THEORY OF LIFE.

The Most Revolutionary Physiological Discovery since Harvey Discovered the Circulation of the Blood.

Wonderful Serum which will Cure any Organic, Nervous, or Blood Disorder and Restore Youthful Looks and Strength to the Aged.

Amazing phenomena resulting from the extraordinary activity of the serum discovered by Prof. Brown-Sequard, F.R.S., are responsible for a number of new theories of organic life. It will be remembered that the discoverer of this serum was presented with the Baly Medal by the London Royal College of Physicians, and received honorary degrees from Cambridge University, the University of Paris, and Harvard University, of America. The new fluid was first called Orchitine, but is rapidly becoming better known as Sequarine, a name given to it in honour of Prof. Brown-Sequard. Daily reports from doctors and prominent scientists are announcing new developments in the manner of application and uses of Sequarine, and startling evidence of its wonderful potency as a cure for various ailments is continually being recorded.



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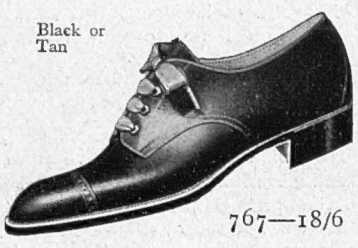

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"To See Oorsels As Ithers See Us"

MOTION-PORTRAITURE A REALITY

OLD sayings are in danger, these days, of losing their meaning. Thus there is no longer any sense in saying one could no more do a certain thing than "fly." For, of course, one can, and does, fly, and quite easily. Similarly one has now no need to beseech the gods "the gift to gie us, to see oorsels as ithers see us." It is necessary to go no nearer than Bond's, Ltd., No. 138, New Bond Street. There, by having your "motion-photograph" taken, you can enjoy, or otherwise, all your friends' views of yourself.

The Editor of THE BYSTANDER himself was recently invited to sit for his motion-portrait. He took his seat in a studio lighted with a brilliancy that made July daylight positively Novembrial. After about thirty-five seconds in the chair, in which he was invited by the operator to look everything else but "pleasant"—to be, in fact, himself, talking, smoking, laughing, frowning, sneering, and execrating, he was told that he was duly done with. . . . A few days later he received a roll of films, together with the stereoscopic instrument in which he was to fix them. The fixature done without the slightest difficulty, the Editor turned a handle, and behold—himself. He enjoyed about thirty-five minutes acute consciousness of how he actually looked, and he understood dimly what it is that has caused these things to be said about him that have been said. To give a few blunt facts about the Kinora Motion-Camera, for the benefit of those who desire to possess living records of themselves and their friends, for the mutual benefit of each other: The address is 138, New Bond Street. The new Kinora Motion-Camera, by which these wonders are achieved, is quite small and portable. It has been so simplified that it can be used by anyone, even without previous photographic knowledge, both for motion-portraits and for taking street, procession, sporting, marine, and other scenes equal in interest to cinematograph pictures, but free from haziness or flicker. These pictures are viewed by means of the hand or table Kinora, without magic-lantern, dark-room, inflammable films, or any other paraphernalia of the picture theatre. The art of motion-portraiture is so full of interest that the exhibition now open at Bond's, Ltd., 138, New Bond Street, is well worth a visit. There is no charge for admission.

In conclusion, motion-portraiture is certain to be the next craze. Compared with the still portrait, it is immensely more valuable. Imagine, ye parents, being able to show your friends your children as they actually are in life and motion; and, in a few years' time, when they are growing-up, imagine the pleasure you will both derive from a few minutes of the treasured one as he or she was when in infancy!

THE MENU

COLD SWEETS FOR THE HEAT-WAVE

Lemon Sponge
Tapioca Trifle
Gâteau with Fruit
Fresh Fruit Mould
Fruit Salad
Compôte of Melon

Lemon Sponge

Soak 1oz. of gelatine in cold water for six hours, then dissolve it over the fire. Add the thin peel of two lemons, the strained juice of three lemons, and ¼lb. of castor sugar. Let all boil two minutes; strain it, and leave till nearly cold. Beat the whites of two eggs to a froth, add them to the mixture, and whisk all for ten minutes, till it becomes the consistency of sponge. Put in a mould and leave till set.

Tapioca Trifle

Soak 2½oz. of tapioca in one pint of cold milk for three hours. Stew gently till soft, stir constantly, leave it till cold, then whip it up with 2oz. of sifted sugar, quarter of a pint of cream, and some essence of vanilla. Whip it well, so that every grain is separate, or it will be heavy. Put a little in a glass dish, then a layer of stewed fruit, more tapioca, and so on, till the dish is filled up. Whip another quarter of a pint of cream with a little sugar, put it over, and ornament with dried cherries.

Gâteau with Fruit

Take a stale Madeira cake, cut off the top, and from the centre cut a large piece, leaving a wall of cake all round two inches thick. Stew about 1lb. of either apricots or greengages (after having stoned them) in syrup for about twenty minutes. Fill up the centre of the cake with the fruit, put on the top, and use the syrup to pour over the cake to soak it. When cold cover with a thick custard or whipped cream.

Fruit Mould

Stew ½lb., or more if required, of ripe fresh fruit (black or red currants and raspberries, according to what is in season). Line a wetted basin with slices of bread, without crust, pour the hot fruit into this, and fit on tightly some bread to cover. Place a plate on top of the basin with a weight on it; leave for twelve to twenty-four hours to set, turn out, and cover with custard. This makes a very nice pudding for children.

Fruit Salad

This is good made of bananas, oranges, pineapple, cherries, and either strawberries or raspberries. Stone and cut up the fruit, and let it all soak for an hour or so in a syrup, flavoured with a little brandy or liqueur. A small tin of pineapple, two oranges, two bananas, and ½lb. each of cherries and strawberries makes a good-sized dish, and cream handed with it is a great improvement.

Compôte of Melon

Put 1lb. of loaf sugar into a very clean, bright pan. Add to it one pint of cold water and a drop or two of lemon-juice. Boil fast, skimming it well, with the lid on till it is reduced to about half, or till, when you take a little between your finger and thumb and draw them apart, a thin thread is formed. Have ready a peeled melon with the seeds removed and cut into pieces about two inches long and half an inch thick. Lay these pieces in the syrup, add a pinch of cinnamon, and simmer very gently about ten or fifteen minutes. Then draw the pan off the fire, and let it remain till quite cold. Arrange the slices in a glass dish, and strain the syrup over. EMILIA.

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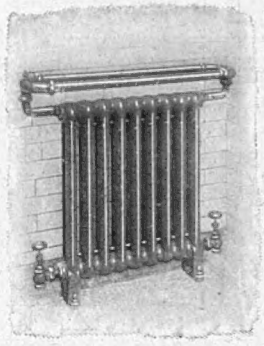

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The Editor's Box

Young Britain and the Colonies

On Tuesday, July 18, the Countess Grosvenor attended a meeting, in brilliant weather, at the Church Army's Home for Lads at Stonebridge Park, N.W. Lady Grosvenor made a close inspection of the home and the extensive gardens and workshops attached to it, and expressed herself much pleased with what she saw. During the meeting her ladyship gave an encouraging address to the lads in residence, about twenty in number, and nearly all of them destined for emigration. These lads are of good character, but have come to grief in some way, and the Church Army trains them in useful trades, such as gardening, carpentering, and shoemaking. Those intended for emigration undergo a further period of training at the Church Army's large farm colony at Hempstead, Essex. Among others present to meet Lady Grosvenor were Prebendary Carlile (founder of the Church Army), the Rev. E. Rainbow, M.A. (warden of the Church Army), and Mrs. Rainbow, the Rev. J. P. Silvester, M.A. (Vicar of Wembley), Miss Carlile, and the officer-in-charge of the home ("Captain" Allen), and Mrs. Allen.

From left to right: Rev. J. P. Silvester (Vicar of Wembley), Mr. Mallaby-Deeley, M.P., Prebendary Carlile, Countess Grosvenor, Mrs. Mallaby-Deeley, Rev Edward Rainbow, Mrs. Rainbow

The Countess Grosvenor at the Church Army's Home for Lads at Stonebridge Park, N.W.

Restaurant-Car Excursions

For the many thousands of holiday-makers who will take advantage of August Bank Holiday for a desirable change, the Great Central Railway Company have just published a most varied choice of excursion arrangements to all parts of their system. A perusal of their special A.B.C. programme reveals the extensiveness of the facilities offered to over 300 towns and holiday resorts in the Midlands, Yorkshire, Lancashire, and the North of England. Special trains will leave Marylebone at convenient times on Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, August 4, 5, 6, and 7. These express trains are equipped with restaurant cars, enabling passengers to obtain refreshments at the most moderate tariff.

Copies of this special holiday programme may be obtained at Marylebone Station, or by post from Publicity Department, 216, Marylebone Road, N.W.

Express Trains to Poppyland

The Great Northern Railway Company's August holiday excursion arrangements afford opportunities for all classes of holiday-makers, and cover every description of resort, from the sweeping sands of Cromer, Sheringham, Skegness, and Mablethorpe, etc., and the fashionable inland watering-places of Woodhall Spa and Harrogate to the beautiful stretch of Yorkshire coastline where is situated Scarborough, Bridlington, and Whitby, with the lovely moors within easy reach, whilst in close proximity to the majority of these places there are fine golf links. Scotland is also fully provided for. On Friday, August 4, excursions for all periods up to seventeen days will be run to Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Glasgow, Fort William, and numerous other places in Scotland, a special feature being the provision of up-to-date corridor carriages with attendants who will be prepared to serve light refreshments; while on Saturday, 5th, a daylight corridor excursion for eight or sixteen days will run to Edinburgh and Glasgow only.

To meet the convenience of passengers the Great Northern Railway Company has arranged to extend the availability of Friday to Tuesday tickets. Passengers will, therefore, be enabled to return on either Sunday, August 6, Monday, August 7, Tuesday, August 8, or Wednesday, August 9, whilst Saturday to Monday tickets will be available for return on Tuesday, 8th, in addition to the Sunday and Monday.

Programmes giving full particulars can be obtained, gratis, on application at any of the Company's stations or offices, or of W. Hills, Superintendent of the Line, King's Cross Station, London, N.

Touring de Luxe to Germany

Return tickets at reduced fares, available for fourteen days, will be issued to Brussels *viâ* Harwich and Antwerp. Passengers leaving London in the evening reach Brussels next morning after a comfortable night's rest on board the steamer. For visiting Holland special facilities are offered by the British Royal Mail Harwich-Hook of Holland route. From the Hook of Holland through carriages and restaurant cars are run to the Hague and Amsterdam in the North and South German express trains to Cologne, Bâle, Hamburg, Halle (for the Harz Mountains), and Berlin. The Danish Royal Mail steamers of the Forenede Line of Copenhagen will leave Harwich for Esbjerg (on the west coast of Denmark) on Friday, August 4, and Saturday, August 5. The General Steam Navigation Company's steamers will leave Harwich for Hamburg on Wednesday, August 2, and Saturday, August 5. The Swedish Royal Mail steamers will leave Harwich for Gothenburg on Saturday, August 5.

The Joyous Melancholy of Mr. Lester

Mr. Alfred Lester, who achieved fame in *The Arcadians* by being so miserably merry and bright, has returned for a while to the variety stage. His new sketch, which he produced at the Tivoli a few days ago, is called "The Amateur Hairdresser," and deals with the trials of a man who, having failed to become a competent gasfitter, has taken up the rôle of barber instead. It is unnecessary to add that Mr. Lester's melancholy humour serves him in good stead in this sketch, which is one of the most amusing things on the variety stage at the present time.

The Fruit of the Vine

With every bottle of "Crème de Menthe-Monopole" is given a certificate from the French Government that only pure brandy (grape spirit) is employed in its manufacture. On this structure is based that perfect blend which gives such a delightful result.

The Great Flying Contest

The proprietors of Perrier, the French natural sparkling table-water, have presented an "Entente Cordiale" prize of 100 guineas, to be divided equally between the first Frenchman and the first Englishman to complete the circuit in the *Daily Mail* flying contest round England and Scotland.

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